" Where there is no vision the people perish."

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THE POETRY REVIEW

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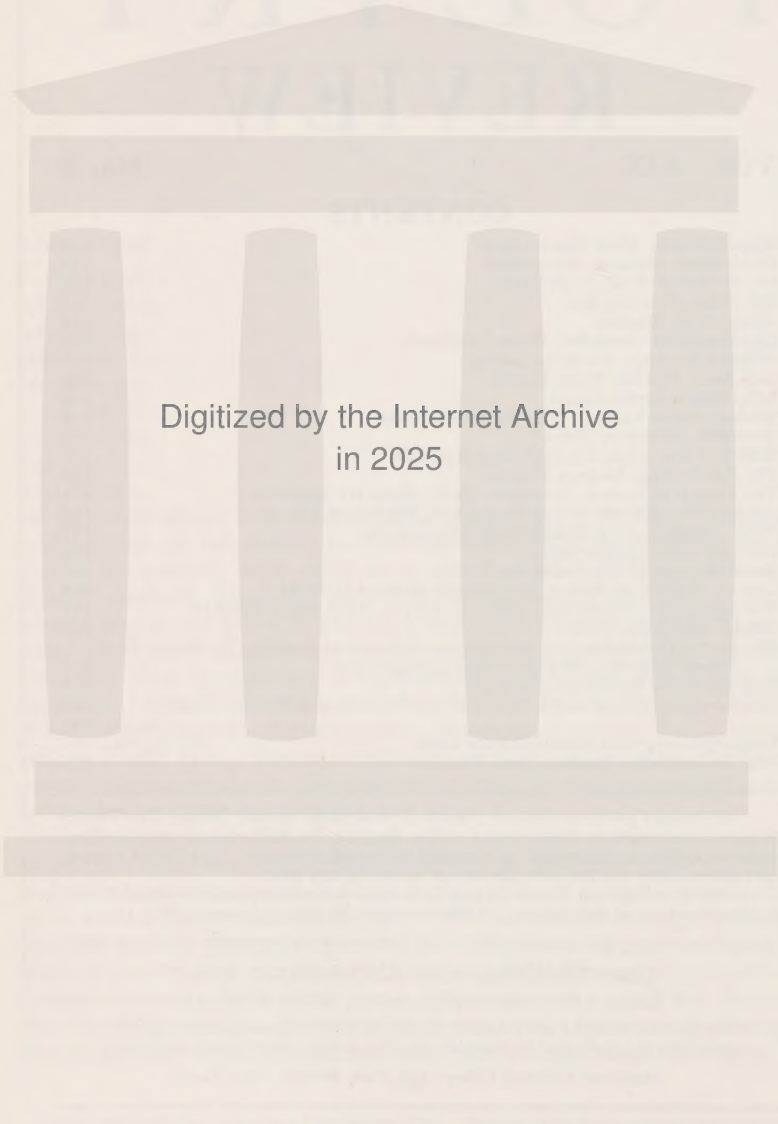

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RUPERT BROOKE

WE talk of promise and performance
As if magnificent youth
Existed for the coming on of age;
As if the work of poesy was best
When men grow old; as if their weariness
Tinctured with art could satisfy
The mind more than the dreams
The glimpses and the gleams of Rupert
Dead in Scyros, victim of the war.

His soul was full of projects.
All he had done was nothing.
In the hereafter he would solve the world,
Tell all that could be told,
Be such a poet as befits the time
When all men crave for God and do not know
Where God is to be found. That done,
Would run, more swiftly than a bird
Flies home from travel, to the uttermost
Bound of being, solve that too
And rest—until the next call.

Does he lie useless in his burial-place,
Breathing the beauty of the sage and thyme,
Contented that the world should go unsolved?
Not so. Rupert comes, as once in far Fiji
Came to his mind the vision of his home
Purged and glorified, the littleness
Bearing the perfume of perfection.
For life is little, as is Palestine,
And yet within the compass of that land
Happened the Man of men.
Poets are born to tell us that in life
Is God's chance, limitless desire
For freedom and its true fulfilment—
Every man greeting his fellow in the street
Without suspicion, eager to refine
The spirit with a proof of friendliness.

ALLEN BROCKINGTON.

CIVILIZATION

"' Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

I AM the Spirit of Truth.
I create, and I destroy.
I am immutable law, eternal, divine.
They who seek me humbly, shall find me.
They who turn from me shall be crushed.
From the cell and from the atom,
From the reptile to the bird;
From the bird to the beast,
From the beast to the immortal soul of man
My way is seen.
As the footsteps of the light upon dark waters,
You may read my secret.
Hear what I have spoken through the dreams of men!

They dreamed of conquests and victorious thrones,
With all the world a slave beneath their feet;
Of a mad freedom that no master owns,
And drugged their senses with its bitter sweet.

They hungered, and a famine gripped their soul,
They sought a Father, saving them from death;
Then One was born on earth to point their goal,
And a new age first drew immortal breath.

They dreamed of love, a brotherhood of men,
Bearing the burden of each comrade's care;
With service badge of every citizen;
And laid life's deep foundations, unaware.

They dreamed of freedom from each subtle snare
Woven to strangle the glad soul's new birth;
And a Luther, with one stroke laid falsehood bare,
And let truth's current vibrate through the earth.

Then from the magic of that mighty stream,
A thousand sails set forth for unseen lands;

A Galileo, and a Kepler's dream
Bound the half wakened world with heavenly bands.

For as some giant tree, their roots drew deep
From the rich loam of a forgotten past;
Athens and Rome, aroused from charmed sleep,
Claimed their undying heritage at last.

Copernicus, in dreams among the stars,
Gave royal sun and satellites a name,
And like the train of a triumphant Mars,
The poets glowed round Shakespeare's leaping flame.

Columbus, seeking India's hoarded gold,
Followed his dream across the untried seas,
To find a land where Freedom swift un-rolled
Her flag in triumph over tyrannies.

I am the Spirit of Truth;
I create, and I destroy.
And now I fold the faded past from sight,
Wrought in strange tapestry of blood and tears;
And men may read the mystery of new years,
That open as the cereus blooms at night.
Slow, slow, has been the working of my plan
Since the earth star began;
Swift, swift, now speeds my will!
The storm clouds gather chill;
The lightning of my scorn
Plays round the throne of kings.
See the marching of the hosts of war!
From east and west, from far
Across the sea!
Now are the vials of my wrath
Poured on each tyrant's path.
Kaiser, and Emperor, and Czar
Fall as the burning pines
That crash within the forest fire!

Freedom !
Freedom to live obedient to laws divine
Written on the undying soul of man ;
Knowledge ! that spreading like the grape's red vine,
Shows the majestic unity of God's great plan.

Knowledge and vision for in the unfathomed mine
Of mighty laws that rule the universe,
They labour till its gems break forth and shine,
And all its glorious harmonies rehearse.
For by the chemists' subtle alchemy,
They heal the world's dumb agony of pain ;
Or knit the severed earth from sea to sea,
In the swift magic of the radio's chain.

They push their peaceful conquests to each pole,
Or circle in the air-ship's hovering wings,
The broken links of distance are made whole,
And speed the heart-beat of each nation brings.

And prisoned in the test tube's glassy walls,
Mysterious powers glow in jewelled rays ;
A voice from strange unfathomed darkness calls,
Where giant forces flash from unseen ways.

No joy or sorrow touch the world's great heart.
But all its citizens may read the sign ;
In sympathy or service bear their part,
Building a brotherhood of love divine.

I am the Spirit of Truth !
I am life !
I am the flame of an unceasing fire.
From cell and reptile,
Bird and beast ;
Forming the greatest from the least ;
From kingly soul of man, that, mounting higher
Breaks the thin case of death to still aspire :

This is the consummation of earth's agony of strife :
For death, nor the thin veil of flesh,
Can stay my law of life !

ALETHEA WOODWARD.

ON THE MENIN ROAD

DEAD trees, dead trees
Either side the road—
Gaunt and creaking in the breeze,
With hollowed trunks and naked knees—
Sentinels of poor dead trees
Either side the road.

Shrivelled bark and rotting wood
All along the road—
Mangled torsoes ; souls that brood
O'er wasted wilds in bitter mood,
O'er bodies fed with cannon food,
All along the road.

Tortured branch and broken bough
On the Menin Road—
Once you guarded ox and plough,
Furrowed fields ; you heard the sough
Of bending wheat, but hopeless now
You guard a ruined road.

Whistling shells from guns that boom
Rip and scar the road,
Through clouds of smoke and gathering gloom
Khaki figures rise and loom
Momentary—fall—give room—
On the Menin Road.

Tanglements and rusted wire
Flank the rut-worn road,
Poison fumes and squelching mire—
Mouth of Hell ! the smoking pyre !—

Flames of fire, flames of fire!
Blazoning the road.

Dead trees, dead trees,
Either side the road—
Gaunt and creaking in the breeze,
With hollowed trunks and naked knees—
'Tis well to be at rest, dead trees,
On the Menin Road.

S. BRISTOWE.

THE TREES

I TOLD my love to the Cherry Tree,
When all her starry flow'rs were new;
She said she would weave a veil for me
Of petals white and mist and dew.

I whispered it to the green Beech Tree,
When all her branches swayed above;
She promised to make a shade for me,
When I should walk there with my Love.

I told my thoughts to an old Yew Tree,
Who'd heard a thousand secrets told;
She said she would come and pity me,
For youth is short and love grows old.

I breathed my fears to the Willow Tree,
A'brooding by the shining stream;
She sighed and promised to weep for me
When I should wake me from my dream.

And surely the cherry-blossoms died;
In death the withered beech-leaves slept;
"Poor child!" the ancient Yew Tree cried;
And bending low the Willow wept.

BEATRICE EVE

ELEGY

To Theodore Roussel

THROUGH endless caverns of the mind
I follow, follow and pursue
Thy soul that through the years hath led
My faltering footsteps in thy light,
And thinking on thy thought I know
That I commune in truth with thee.

Forth from thy soul a clear light shone,—
Greek wert thou to thy fragrant hair.
An Orpheus and philosopher,
Thou in thy painting didst express
The deep impressions of thy heart,
And loving beauty, saw life whole.

Thou sought'st the heights that others shun,
In contemplation dwelt apart
In furthest realms of thought untrod,
Knowing knowledge to be infinite,
And bravely treading thy lone way
Compassionate to lesser men.

For thee there was no great or small
In art which quickens man's delight
Or shows the spirit's conflict where
Great minds strove from antiquity,—
Lover of wisdom, scholar, poet,
Thou found'st perfection in a flower.

Alone before the face of night,
Her magic mirrored in thine eyes,
Thou sawest beauty others miss
And joyed in colour; loving more
Aspect expressing cause of thought
Than form as symbol of the soul.

The flowers that through the summer noon
Yearn in proud splendour to the sun
Till golden evening's shadowed hour

Revealed to thee life's argument,
The song of nations rise and fall
All life that ends engulfed in night.

Thou knew'st the tragedy of man
Where pain rules all life's fleeting day,
And happiness alone is found
In beauty of the brain or sense,
Where matter conscious of itself
Stirs to brief life—a haunting dream.

The beauty of thy mind remains
Enshrined for ever in thine art,
O does thy dauntless spirit still
Create new joy in worlds afar?
Swift winged my sorrowing thoughts pursue,
Infinity gives no reply.

A. E. MACKAY

CHICKWEED AND GROUNDSEL

"WON'T you buy my chickweed?"
Was the cry I heard,
"Chickweed and groundsel
For your singing bird?"

I thought of little larks then
Caged to face the dawn,
Silver-throated thrushes,
Finches all forlorn,
Blackbird voices calling
Mateless to the spring,
Nightingales in darkness
With no song to sing.

"Won't you buy my chickweed?"
Was the cry I heard,
"Chickweed and groundsel
For your singing bird?"

JOYCE SAMBROOK.

WILLIAM CANTON

An Appreciation and Some Unpublished Letters.

AS was briefly noted and commended in a recent issue (November, 1927) of THE POETRY REVIEW, a posthumous volume of Mr. William Canton's poems which have been out of print for over twenty years has been edited by Dr. Edward Thompson and published by Messrs. Harrap & Co. For those lovers of poetry who are tired of sound without sense, which characterizes so much of the so-called poetry of to-day, for those who like depth of thought as well as beauty of language, I commend this volume. It will come as a revelation to many.

William Canton died in 1926 in his 81st year. He won a certain measure of fame undoubtedly, and on his 80th birthday (October 27, 1925) Sir James Barrie called upon him and presented him with a testimonial from his friends and admirers, the names including that of his friend Rudyard Kipling, but the present generation hardly knows his name. No doubt, too, by giving up his own special line of creative work to write the official *History of the British and Foreign Bible Society* he, to some extent, lost sight of the reading public. This work, in five volumes took him ten years to finish, and he told me he would never have undertaken the colossal task if he had realized the time and work it would entail. Having begun, however, he put his best into it. Canton was a born historian and could make dead facts live as only genius can, for he had the gift of throwing fresh light on every aspect of any matter, however dull it might at first appear, with which he dealt.

All his writing in prose or poetry sparkles with light—the light of angels' wings. His innate gaiety of heart is expressed in the words of " Balt the Attacot " in *A Child's Book of Warriors* : " Surely life is a gladsome thing—to drink in the bright air, to see the faces of one's kind, and the flower on the heather, and the light on the blue hills afar."

And in the Centaur's song in the classic poem, *Comfort on Pelion* :

" Grasp my hand !
Hold me fast !

For I stagger and reel
At the tumult and splendour of life rushing past
In a whirlwind of fire, dust, vapour and thunder;
For above me and under,
Upon this side and that, all the sea and the land,
All the skies, and the gods' starry seats in the skies,
Spin and spin on the axle of time like a wheel!" . . .

Or again in *Pearls and Simples*:

"To merely sit and gaze
On God's green earth and gracious heaven, to live
In cloud and rock, in lichen and in leaf,
To feel but nature's gladness, Nature's grief,
Are happiness no pride of life could give."

To the general public Canton is best known by his children's books: *The Bible Story*, *The Child's Book of Saints*, and *The Child's Book of Warriors* (which he wanted to call "The Child's Book of Greathearts," but his publishers would have it otherwise). The language in these children's books, it may be noticed, is not at all childish, because Canton understood and respected the intelligence of children too much ever to talk "down" to them.

An even finer work than either *The Child's Book of Saints* or *Book of Warriors* is Canton's *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, an appealing book that touches the heart with the beauty of holiness. Here we have William Canton the historian, as well as William Canton the poet. It is a book for every boy and girl, and grown-up, too, to read.

W.V. Her Book, which is published along with *The Invisible Playmate*, and *In Memory of W.V.* in "The Everyman's Library," won fame for Canton in the 'nineties. No more beautiful book of its kind has ever been written. Here is a great child-lover, and one who understood all children, writing in his charming whimsical way of his own little girl, expressing without any touch of sentimentality his simple joy in all her delightful childish ways with humorous appreciation. He did not pretend she was more wonderful than other children—but she was his and he knew her as no one else could. He goes with "W.V." into "The Forest" (in reality a suburban wood).

"What magical memories have we two of the green huddle and the dreamy lawns of that ancient and illimitable Forest! We know

the busy dingles where we shall find pappa-trees on whose lower branches a little girl may discover something to eat when she is good enough to deserve it. We know where certain green clad foresters keep stores of fruit which are supposed by those who know no better to grow only in orchards by tropical seas. Of course, every-one is aware that in the heart of the forest there is a granite fountain, but only we two have learned the secret that its water is the water of hearts' ease, and that if we continue to drink it we shall never grow really old. We have still a great deal of the forest to explore; we have never reached the glade where the dog daisies have to be chained because they grow so exceeding wild. . . ."

Alas! he lost "W.V." in 1901 when she was only eleven, and then he wrote that other beautiful little book, *In Memory of W.V.*, at the suggestion of a friend who loved her, "though he had never looked upon her face." Reading the simple account of the passing away of a beautiful little spirit is almost more than one can bear. The anguish of the father's heart is expressed in the last chapter: "Sub Umbra Crucis." From the ends of the earth came letters of consolation, but the human father could not be comforted.

"Surely sorrow is fractious and hard to please," he says, "for I must quarrel with you, old friend, who bid me be glad of heart for now she is 'removed from the evil to come,' now she is 'safe.' Is that a worthy and not a shallow comfort? Do you not see beneath it the selfishness and the cowardice that are glad to be set free from further responsibility? Why should we so disparage the dead, and discount God's purposes? . . . "

And again:

"Oh, friend, whose hand hurts and does not heal, ape not a vain and foolish stoicism. God is not vexed with the tears whose fountains he has made. And if we ask for a sign, it is but the longing of creatures who live and feel and know by the senses, to have through the senses an assurance of that which we believe in the spirit. Thou knowest our frame; remember that we are but dust. Is it strange that we too should cry, *Lama Sabachthani*?"

One can hardly read without tears the two stanzas in *The Latter Law*:

"But when my child, my one girl babe, lay dead—
The Blossom of me, my dream and my desire—
And unshed tears burned in my heart like fire,
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and said—
Oh! husband, do not grieve, be comforted,
She is with Christ!—I laughed in my despair,

With Christ! O God! and where is Christ, and where
My poor dead babe? and where the countless dead?
The great glad Earth—my Kin!—is glad as though
No child had ever died: the heaven of May
Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
Is she clean lost for ever? How shall I know?
O Christ! Art thou still Christ? And shall I pray
For fulness of belief or unbelief?"

Huxley and Max Müller and Walter Pater were enthusiastic admirers of Canton's poems. Max Müller compared them, particularly those on classical subjects, to the work of Matthew Arnold, adding, "and having been an old friend and admirer of Arnold's I could give no higher praise."

In *The Death of Anaxagoras* we see the old philosopher banished from Athens for daring to doubt the powers of the Gods, but beloved in Lampsacus whither he had retired:

"Feeble but sane and cheerful, he awoke,
And took our hands and asked to feel the sun:
And where the ilex spreads a gracious shade
We placed him, wrapped and pillowed: and he heard
The charm of birds, the social whisper of vines,
The ripple of the blue propontic Sea."

And when his attendants cursed Athens for its scurrilous treatment of the philosopher he rebuked them smiling:

"Be patient, children! Where would be the gain
Of wisdom and divine astronomy,
Could we not school our fretful minds to bear
The ills all life inherits? I can smile
To think of Athens! were they much to blame?
Had I not slain Apollo? plucked the beard
Of Jove himself? Poor rabble who have yet
Outgrown so little the green grasshoppers
From whom they boast descent, are they to blame?
How could they dream—how credit even when taught—
The sun a red-hot iron ball in bulk
Not less than Peloponnesus? How believe
The moon, no silver goddess girt for chace,
But earth and stones, with caverns, hills and vales?
Poor grasshoppers! who deem the gods absorbed
In all their babble, shrilling in the grass,
What wonder is they rage, should one but hint

That thunder and lightning, born of clashing clouds,
Might happen even with Jove in pleasant mood,—
Not thinking of Athenians at all! . . . "

And then pressed for a wish, he asks that:

. . . " every year when time brings back
The month in which I left you, let the boys—
All boys and girls in your happy town—
Be free of task and school for that one month."

Over fifty years ago Huxley praised Canton's poem *Through the Ages* as being the first attempt to use the new material of science in poetry.

Back he goes to prehistoric times, through " The great dim centuries of long ago " to the primeval savage swinging his hatchet of stone "And the sabre-tooth growls in his lair ere he springs! " Centuries pass and another race of primeval men people the earth:

" And where that warm primeval ocean rolled
A second forest buds—blooms broad—grows old,
And a new race of prehistoric men
Springs from the mystic soil, and once again
Fades like a wood mist through the woodland's hour."

This poem was written in the early seventies when the idea of evolution was new to the world and when most religious people still believed that Adam and Eve were the first man and woman. Canton was following closely the scientific discoveries of Huxley and Darwin, and, being a poet, his vivid imagination saw the successive races of men who have peopled the earth through the ages—saw them as live human beings. The universality of Canton's mind is apparent to anyone who reads his poems and other writings. He was not merely a great child lover with the poetic gift. He was also a scholar who read widely and deeply. The earth was not wide enough to contain his interests, from philosophy and history to babies and the flowers of spring. The long marginal notes in the books in his library on every possible subject, historic, scientific, philosophic and literary, give one some idea of the universality of his interests, and he read nothing in an uncritical spirit.

Although Canton's poems of childhood have often been praised as the best of their kind in the English language Dr. Edward Thompson thinks that the poems dealing with wider subjects have a greater claim upon us. But, even so, his poems of childhood remain rare and beautiful creations. When he was beginning to write a change was coming over the attitude of grown-up people towards children. People suddenly, as it were, began to realize how interesting and delightful they were, and to disagree with the writer of Ecclesiasticus when he said :

" He that loveth his son will continue to lay stripes upon him. . . . Cocker thy child and he shall make thee afraid ; play with him, and he will grieve thee. Laugh not with him . . . Give him no liberty in his youth . . . Bow down his neck in his youth, and beat him on the sides while he is a child. . . ."

It is not without significance that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* were published in 1865, *Aunt Judy's Annual* in 1866, Mrs. Ewing's *Brownies* in 1870 ; and it was about this period that George MacDonald began to write his charming stories for children. In 1870 Canton wrote the little poem *Suspirium* at the age of twenty-five :

" These little shoes ! How proud she was of these !
Can you forget how, sitting on your knees,
She used to prattle volubly, and raise
Her tiny feet to win your wondering praise ?
Was life too rough for feet so softly shod,
That now she walks in paradise with God
Leaving but these—whereon to dote and muse—
Those little shoes ? "

We are reminded in this of Swinburne's :

" The little feet that never trod
Earth, never stayed on field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little Feet ? "

and his other poems on " A Baby's Death," and also of Victor Hugo. We even might be led to think that Canton was influenced by Hugo and Swinburne. But *L'Art d'être Grand-Père* was not published until seven years after Canton's poem, and *The Century of Roundels* did not appear until 1883, and I am inclined to think that Swinburne, at

least, had his eyes opened to the beauty of childhood by William Canton, although he is generally supposed to have been influenced by Victor Hugo.

This changed attitude towards children is revealed in the little poem *In the Corner*: "Moved with pity" for "a poor wee rogue" banished to the corner, an old artist takes his brush and fills:

> "... with bloom
> That penal corner of the room
> Small woodmen share the culprit's grief;
> Fairies peep out from flower and leaf;
> His heart the droll brown squirrel cheers,
> And sets him smiling through his tears.
> 'Grandpa,' they cried, 'you'll spoil the child!'
> More kindly wise the old man smiled;
> Pain often hardens—have a care!
> God does not leave our corners bare."

What would the son of Sirach have said to that?

Very beautiful is Canton's *Laus Infantium:*

> "In praise of little children I will say
> God first made man, then found a better way
> For woman, but his third way was the best."

and in *A Philosopher* he tinges with gold the pages of the past:

> "Unnoticed by historian and sage,
> These bright-eyed chits have been from age to age
> The one supreme mystery. I find
> Mankind hath been their slaves, and womankind
> Their worshippers, and both have lived in dread
> Of time and tyrants, toiled and wept and bled
> Because of some quaint elves they called their own.
> Had little ones in Egypt been unknown
> No Pharaoh would have had the power, methinks,
> To pile the Pyramids or carve the Sphinx.
> . . . . . .
> Strange that such feeble hands and feet as these
> Have sped the lamp-race of the centuries!"

The historian ignores the "quaint elves" until they are old enough to win or lose battles, but the poet *sees* how great a part they play in all our plans and projects.

But it was in his letters that William Canton most revealed himself. "He put the best of himself into his

letters," said his wife. They are indeed wonderful letters, even those written within a few weeks of his death, bubbling with life and the many things that were in his mind—books, politics, travel (how his spirit roamed !) children, the war and after, and all the interest of his friends were his also. To the end he kept alive his enthusiasms and appetite for work.

This—from a man of eighty !—was written in January, 1926 :

"I wish I could get the last of my tasks off my hands. There is such a lot of things I want to do—only nonsense and egotism and day-dreams, but it is what *I* want to do, oddly enough. I have been asked to bring out a proper volume of verse and I have more or less agreed to the proposal, but I should like, if possible, to insert some new stuff, which is still in the inkstand."

A year earlier he wrote :

"I have been 'tooth and nail' at work on 'a bit of work' which had to be done 'on time.' Thank goodness it *is* done at last, but I have lost a month and more over it which should have been given to another bit of work—some seventy thousand words—which ought to be completed by the end of June. Its a less trying task—more scope for free action on my part, but it means a good deal of reading ! However, I need not waste time over that ! "

And again :

"Just now I am busy throwing into shape the record of Dr. Ritson's Bible Society journey to South Africa, Australia, etc. I have just got to the last paragraph of the South African section and feel that I am as familiar with the Karoo and kopjes, De Beers Mines, and Reformed Dutch Churches, as the duskiest of natives."

Working, working, always working ! Again he wrote :

"There seems to be little time for anything now-a-days, odd is it not ? when one thinks of the old summer days which had at least forty-eight hours in them."

In 1921 he had not been well for the first time in his life, and he wrote :

"This has been a fallow year for me. I fancy I must have got run down with the everlasting grindstone. [This is as near a complaint as he ever got.] Fancy *me* ! who used to laugh at 'brain-fag,' and 'mental work', and 'insomnia.' "

He could be very amusing about some of our modern cults.

"I don't see many of the new 'ology' books, but some of them, seem to be amusing enough. Among other mysteries explained, it appears that we got our vocalization and words, language and all that language means from the Frog. What a pity Aristophanes had no inkling of this! And how odd that—*so far as we know*—the Frogs have developed no literature, no religion, no machinery—no 'nuffin' (*Of course, as far as we know!*) It is some compensation that the physical sciences seem to be making real progress."

Again:

"Does the same wild popular craze for psycho-analysis, palmistry the sublimnial self and intercourse with the unseen, rage among your people [in South Africa] as it does among ours. We have even been photographing fairies! We have long laughed at fairies, but if we may believe the gentleman who says 'Ready? Look pleasant,' it seems that our familiar fairy-book pictures of them are quite correct after all. Truly we are a comic race." "I think you are quite right not to touch spiritualism and the more or less allied psychic experiments. It seems to me amazing that so many people are eager to deal with these matters and so little satisfied with the life and its opportunities already in their hands. Quite recently I have read two or three books by men who have investigated the subject in a really scientific spirit. I can't see that these occult enquiries *reveal* anything outside our own world, and I can see very serious dangers mental and physical."

Does any one now remember the "Tranton Eights"? Do they still carry on, or did E.V.L.'s derision in *Punch* kill this enthusiastic group of young people? In 1923 Mr. Canton wrote (after referring humorously to the new tribe discovered in Labrador):

"Oh! you will laugh when I tell you that even I have been discovered by eight enterprising young people. A week or two back came a letter from some town in New Jersey. It was an unimaginable surprise. It appears that these eight belong to a 'mixed' High School in which the young men and young women have grouped themselves into companies of eight and have selected people outside to be sort of guardians—guides, philosophers and friends—to them, encouraging them, taking an interest in them, fathering them and god-fathering them!

"Both Nan and Guy laughed—but I fancy Guy was astonished that I had been chosen as a guardian; just as long ago he was taken aback when he found that my name was in 'Who's Who'—and that Dr. Fry's (the Principal's) was not!! Now that we have done laughing, we see that it is rather a pretty idea to have these companies of eight with affiliation to some one (a dream some one) perhaps half a world away. But how inconvaynient to the Guardian! Or is it a psychic

device of Providence—setting eight boys and girls to watch old people and keep them in the narrow way till their sun goes down. Henceforth I shall feel eight pairs of eyes watching me from New Jersey, and shall have to be as good as gold: no more late hours and flowing bowls! You see what a tearful side this affair has."

William Canton's letters were always full of good stories of things he had seen and heard by the way. He tells of the changes in his suburb of Hendon and goes on:

"Woe's me! the loss of the big tree reminds me of Guy years ago. He had learned Cowper's lines:

"'The poplars are felled: farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade.'

'What is *colonnade*,' I asked. 'A kind of ginger-beer,' said Guy!"

Even when he writes about the weather he is never commonplace:

"The prophet's vision of dry bones could hardly have been dryer than the drought of these weeks. To-day it has looked black and tried hard to rain, but in spite of a show of umbrellas there was hardly enough moisture to stick a postage stamp." . . .

"Our summer lasted a long while, cooled down into an unusually genial and green autumn, and only a few days ago vanished like a gracious dream. We had a roaring gale a night or two ago. Audley Road was as leaf-littered as Vallombrosa. But it *is* cold, shivery, shuddery, teeth-rattlingly, other-handedly cold."

In 1924 he wrote:

"Our Summer has been a deplorable disaster."

Again:

"Is it very cold with you [in South Africa] or are the frost and snow content with the mountain tops for camping ground?"

Full of plans always of future work he wrote, in answer to a suggestion that he should write a book of Memoirs:

"No. my Reminiscences would be worth nothing: but what might possibly interest a few would be my feelings, my fancies, my thoughts, talks with nobodies, daydreams, sunsets, early dawns and one or two queer little things on the borders of the unbelievable.

"Meanwhile I am wondering whether a sketch of 'The Story' in the gospels in which each incident in the story springs out of something occurring to the narrator and his small audience might not be attractive. In such a sketch I should try to do what, so far as I know (that is not far), has not been done—namely to give alongside the Gospel incidents the Jewish incidents. For example, in the week of the passion, has anyone depicted the Jewish passover?"

William Canton was born in the island of Chusan, off the coast of China, and his boyhood up to the age of ten was spent in Jamaica. His father died and the family returned to England. His mother was a Roman Catholic, and after some time at school in the North she sent him to the Benedictine College at Douai, hoping that he would become a priest. He was happy there, and we get a memory of those days in *The Comrades*:

> "And home we wended when the dusk was falling;
> The pledged companions talking, laughing, singing.
> Home through the grey French country, no one missing,
> And now I hear the old-time voices calling
> Home! Home! Home!"

From Douai he went to Saint Sulpice in Paris and then to Belmont. Deciding that he could not honestly remain within the folds of the Roman Catholic Church, he returned to England to take up teaching until an opening in journalistic work came to him. It must have caused him much pain and sadness to give up the career intended for him, and to forsake the Roman Catholic faith when he was on the very threshold of the priesthood meant great courage and the estrangement of many who had been his friends. Again in *The Comrades* we get just a glimpse of what he went through:

> "I pause and listen while the dusk is falling;
> My heart leaps back through all the long estrangement
> Of changing faith, lost hopes, paths disenchanted;
> And tears drop as I hear the voices calling
> Home! Home! Home!"

In 1876 he went to Glasgow as editor of *The Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and afterwards as sub-editor and leader-writer in *The Glasgow Herald*, and in 1891 he came to London as general manager to Isbister & Co. Later he became assistant editor of *The Contemporary Review* and editor of *The Sunday Magazine*. In 1901 he began the History of the Bible Society. His son Guy says that he undertook this heavy work partly because he hoped it might divert his mind from the loss of "W.V.," and after that he wrote very little poetry.

A noble spirit and a great heart, gay to the last, full of courage and the love of all that is beautiful and good. It is impossible that the fruits of this great soul should pass into oblivion.

MADELINE ALSTON.

[Mrs. Alston, who has published several volumes of criticism and belles-lettres through the Bodley Head and who is now living in South Africa, will be remembered by many readers of THE POETRY REVIEW for her delightful Children and Poetry articles.]

LOST SKILL

WHEN my brain has lost its cunning,
When it fails to shape a rhyme,
Then my heart will cease its running
Down the happy roads of time.

I shall sit close by the fire,
Whether suns arise or set,
Heaping huge logs higher, higher;
But my heart will not forget.

FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH.

LIFE

LIKE alternate returning day and night,
Or like the season's march and slow return,
Or like the comets that, once an æon, burn,
Life moves across the earth in dark and light.
In light! But lost again in time's swift flight.
Cities are sacked, and diadems out-worn;
Dynasties built only to be down-torn,
Yet earth still dreams of truth, and law, and right.

Cuzco is gone, and all its glittering gold;
Memphis and Troy are deep within the mold;
Atlantis sinks and leaves no trace behind.
Babylon, fallen! Assyria is dust.
One realm alone escapes the tyrant rust:
It is the eternal landscape of the mind!

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

MODERN GREEK POETRY—VI

PAPARRIGOPOULOS—VASILIADES—PARASCHOS

BUT let us return to Athens.

We have reached the times of King George I, who in 1863, at the age of seventeen, accepted the Greek crown, rendered available by the expulsion of the German king Otho. Contemporaneously with this revolution, which itself was carried through according to French precedents, there was manifested under the influence of the French poets and novelists, and with the institution of regular poetical competitions at the University, intense literary productivity—I should rather say there sprang up a whole group of young people, whom Mme Juliette Lamber has named "the Athenian School," and has very properly taken to task.

The very name *Athenian* raises hopes—that, alas, is our misfortune—or at least gives one to expect something classical. On the contrary, the school was romantic and elegiac, and affected an artificially archaic and rhetorical diction. It was, in fact, a mere amplification of the evil example set by the brothers Soutsos. The first to pass censure on Panayotis Soutsos was Professor Constantine Asopios (in 1856), but his criticism was personal rather, and remained without effect. They and their imitators were criticized by Emmanuel Roïdes (1878), and finally outside Greece by Mme Lamber, who treats them to an extensive chapter, the gist of which is contained in the following words: "Ce sont des poêtes occidentaux de nationalité héllenique, qui ont publié des poésies en grec." Mme Lamber is scathing in her indictment, and, since in her exordium and peroration she charges the University with a share in the guilt for having patronized this un-Greek poetry by its poetical competitions, I must at once retort that she greatly overdoes her case. Neither Rangabé, Orphanides, Koumanoudis nor the other leaders were romantic. Indeed, they rather played the part of the sober *pater familias* and discouraged the young competitors from indulging in too much melancholy. But the evil was irremediable, for the entire reading public of Athens between 1860 and 1880 had become super-sentimental and super-

romantic. The cause and origin of this kind of sentimental "flu" are common knowledge. At this period the Athenian newspapers and periodicals were stuffed with translations from Dumas père, Eugène Sue, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Octave Feuillet, Dumas fils, and even Ponson du Terrail. The very name of the leader and prototype of the Romantics, Lord Byron, was sufficient to render melancholy delectable in the eyes of the Greeks. Thus it came about that the grand-children of the gigantic warriors of 1821 were brought up at Athens with the notion that they too were exhausted by love, oppressed with the pleasures and dissipations of life, and finally reduced to despair by the vanity of this world.

Victor Hugo's *Misérables* became the vade-mecum of the love-torn letter-writing and Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* served as the original of the ideal lover of Achilles Paraschos. Thus the spread of Romanticism to the blithe shores of Greece is natural. It concerns rather the general history of European literature how Romanticism then made the round of Europe and finished by penetrating into the very home of classicism. Here we are principally interested to learn whether this strange literary grafting yielded any noteworthy blossoms in Athens. Unfortunately the young sapling of Greek poetry was still too immature and bore no goodly fruit. Only a few, whose melancholy was inbred, produced a certain amount of good verse.

But the versifiers were many, and all were disconsolate. "Whence," piquantly queried M. Anninos, "whence came all these precious Hamlets, pigmy Werthers, and beardless Jeremiahs? Side by side with the Ilissus there flowed invisible a Cocytus of tears." All these hypochondriacs now sleep peacefully in Lethe—with the exception of three or four at most who are still not forgotten. Their names are Achilles Paraschos, born at Nauplia in 1838, Demetrius Paparrigopoulos, born at Athens in 1843, and Spyridion Vasiliadis, born at Patras in 1845. There was a fourth, John Papadiamandopoulos, who was born at Athens in 1856 and earned fame in France under the pseudonym of Jean Moréas. When he died in 1910 in

Paris Maurice Barrès did not hesitate to proclaim him the first of contemporary French poets. Moréas indubitably derived his mild and beautiful melancholy from the gentle climate of Greece, and his passion for unearthing quaint antique French words he owed to the Rangabé poetical example set in Greek by Rangabé.

II

I will first deal with Paparrigopoulos and Vasiliades, because both of them vanished prematurely, death overtaking them when barely thirty in 1873 and 1874. This early death, which they had often invoked poetically, in some degree confirmed their melancholy philosophy and rendered their poetry more sympathetic. Both were elegiac, and in their untimely end they resembled the great Roman elegiac poets.

Demetrius Paparrigopoulos was the son of the national historian of Greece, Constantine Paparrigopoulos, whom even greater European countries might well envy on account of his critical penetration and the charm of his narrative. He was also the nephew of another professor of note, Petros Paparrigopoulos, who guided his footsteps towards the legal profession. Being naturally inclined to reflection, he studied Plato, Plotinus, Spinoza, Byron, Leopardi, Young, Heine and de Musset, and, neurotic from birth, he soon became a complete pessimist and unbeliever, talking of graves and non-existence. In 1866, when twenty-three years of age, he presented for the Prize of Poetry, founded by John Voutsinas, an Odessa merchant, a collection of lyrics bearing the expressive title *Στόνοι* ("Moans"), and was proclaimed the victor. From that time he became a regular competitor, and in the three following years his miscellanies entitled *Χελιδόνες* ("Swallows") and his epico-lyrical poems, "Orpheus" and "Pygmalion," antique myths, secured high commendation.

In 1868 he published a political comedy *Συζύγου Ἐκλογή* (*The Choice of a Wife*), which was immediately translated into French by Emile Legrand (1869) and into Italian by de

Simone Brouwer (Naples, 1904). In 1869 he published *Ἆσμα ᾀσμάτων* (the Song of Songs) and in 1870 *Χαρακτῆρες* (the Characters), after French models. "Les personnages," says Mme Lamber, "ont des noms grecs il est vrai; mais ces noms prennent un air classique, singulièrement vieilli, lorsqu'on les mêle à la dernière actualité." In 1871, Paparrigopoulos gave forth his last work, the *Ἀγορά*, a comedy in five acts. This is an imitation of the *Διὸς Ἐπίσκεψις* (Visitation of Zeus) by Rangabé and the *Diable boîteux* of Lesage. Aeschylus, Pericles, Aristophanes and Plato return to modern Athens and under the guidance of a young man Kimon, visit several houses. In the second act, Plato, falling upon his knees before the Crucified Saviour in the Cathedral, philosophizes about Christianity.

Such scenes, if at times they reach some elevation, are clearly not quite *normales*, and perhaps we must again seek an explanation in the morbid constitution of the author, who, according to the testimony of his friends, was liable to abrupt transitions from repellant silence to sparkling eloquence. His death was sudden, the result of an attack of apoplexy, while he was walking along the *ὁδὸς Ἱπποκράτους*.

Paparrigopoulos took his share in the excitement of patriotic feeling, by his poem *Ἀρκάδι* (*Arkadi*), composed in honour of those who lie buried in the monastery of that name, the Cretan Missolonghi. He also wrote a bitter ode against Napoleon the Third, and another to the Greek flag. But he was loved above all for his melancholy verses upon life. Their success was not due to their technical finish—his rhymes are poor and his language cold—but to their touch of philosophy which is just of the amount required by a young people. Amongst his many melancholic poems his *Φανὸς τοῦ κοιμητηρίου* (Lantern of the Cemetery) will survive. It was inspired by a real incident.

III

Spyridion Vasiliades also took his university diploma in law in 1868, but before then he was already writing, and in 1865 he entered the poetical contest with a lyrical

collection, entitled *Εἰκόνες καὶ Κύματα* (Pictures and Waves). When practising later as a barrister he was in the habit of saying that : " he had hung his lyre in the courts of Justice." He played also a prominent part in social life, was one of the first members of the Parnassus' literary society and the founder of the still flourishing school for destitute children. The very reverse of Paparrigopoulos, Vasiliadis was open-hearted and accessible to all. His activity was great, but it was prematurely cut short by phthisis. He died when on a visit to Paris on August 30th/September 11th, 1874. His body was conveyed to Athens and was laid to rest by the side of his friend, Paparrigopoulos, of whom he had taken a last farewell only eighteen months earlier.

Yet during the seven or eight years of his literary career, Vasiliadis had written two collections of lyrics—the second was called *Ἔπεα πτερόεντα* (Winged Words)—many novels, five dramas, one comedy, besides criticisms, etc. which he began to publish himself under the antique title of *Ἀττικαὶ Νύκτες* (*Noctes Atticae*) borrowed from Aulus Gellius. In the last edition of his *Ἅπαντα* (1900) these collected works occupy over a thousand pages.

But it is only as a dramatist that Vasiliades is destined to survive—as the only dramatist who can in any way compete with Bernardakis. In his lyrical efforts the exaggerated mimicking of foreign romanticists almost provokes a smile—when for instance he describes the Athens street-boy on the model of Victor Hugo's Parisian *gavroche*. But as he grew into manhood Vasiliades discovered the right path. He discarded foreign imitation and fully realized the value of Greek demotic poetry ; blending a demotic song with an ancient *légende*, he wrote the finest of his tragedies, the *Galatea*, which is still reprinted and acted throughout the Greek-speaking world, and has long since crossed the Hellenic frontiers. It has been twice translated into Italian (by Antonio Fiabasile, Athens, 1877), and by Agostino Garlato, Venice, 1882) ; it has been staged in Hungarian at the National Theatre in Budapest, and the French version by Mme Lamber has been acted in Paris,

when it drew from M. Claretie no small praise; for he wrote that its IV act revealed the poetical descendant of Aeschylus. Mme Lamber, after characterizing Vasiliades as a "poète plein de fougue," adds "Dans son drame de Galatée, ce qui m'avait frappée tout d'abord, c'était la puissance dans une sorte d'entassement gigantesque de tous les genres, dans un amalgame hardi des legendes ancienne et moderne."

As a fact, the plot might have been constructed with more skill and the dialogue might be more natural. But the theme of Vasiliades, who wishes to prove the inborn faithlessness of woman, is presented with great strength. The barrister-poet knew well how to emphasize antitheses. In the old myth known from Ovid, Galatea is a statue, into which Pygmalion, king of Cyprus, succeeded by force of prayer in infusing life. He makes her his wife and queen. Simultaneously his brother Rennos comes back from the Argonautic expedition, and Galatea, hearing him narrating his adventures, falls in love with him. The honest Argonaut, realizing this, leaves the town to drive off some invaders. He himself, however, is also enamoured of Galatea and comes back to confess his passion to her. But, although he is timid and respects his absent brother, treacherous Galatea suggests to him that he is entitled to demand that Pygmalion should surrender to him half of Cyprus as his own share, and, if the King refuses, to kill him. Rennos, bewitched by her charms, gallops to meet his brother. He rashly puts forward one demand after another but Pygmalion refuses nothing. Finally Rennos insists upon being given the whole of the kingdom. "Cyprus (he says), is small and its throne is one. Two kings would be dwarfish in power. Let one of us be king. You bear a sword—let us fight for the throne of Cyprus like men. Who will seat on it? To this question let our swords give reply." But Pygmalion, very calm, replies: "If you find my heart is like that of the barbarians, against whom you have fought, stab it through, Rennos. But I, Pygmalion, will never raise my sword against my brother. Be not troubled! By the name of Zeus, I renounce my

throne to-day and I proclaim you, my brother, king of Cyprus! Take the throne, and live happy! For me a poor cottage is enough with Galatea. Her life and love is my only happiness." Rennos, moved to tears, throws away his sword and falls in his brother's arms. Suddenly he tears himself free and runs away. He returns to Galatea, but when she greets him cheerfully, thinking that he has murdered his brother, when she shows excessive joy that Pygmalion is dead, and brings him a golden basin to wash his sword, Rennos is moved to such anger by her feminine baseness that he cuts her down. Pygmalion returns just in time to realize the vanity of his trust in Galatea.

IV

Paparrigopoulos and Vasiliades being dead, the poetical sceptre at Athens was held for some twenty years by Achilles Paraschos, their senior. Achilles was perhaps better endowed poetically than either of them, but unhappily he was far less lettered. He had, in fact, scarcely completed the elementary course of studies, which would have qualified him to enter a secondary school, and afterwards his reading was confined to the then numerous but empty newspapers. His sole literary capital consisted in the works of the Soutsos brothers and Rangabé, a wretched prose translation of Byron and a few translations of Victor Hugo's novels. Till the very end of his life he committed blunders in orthography, almost a crime in Greece. Whenever Koumoundouros or Trikoupis appointed him to a public office, they were sure, as Delyannis phrased it, that Paraschos would absent himself from duty by "continuous poetical licence." But he was forgiven everything, because he was amiability itself and because he provided the public with uninterrupted poetical dainties. People were enthusiastic over his patriotic verses, and women especially over his love-poems. After Valaoritis' death he was indisputably the national poet, and had indeed a splendid head, the bearing of a poet. Of this he was well aware himself and was invariably to be seen in a silk hat, or wrapped up in an Arab burnous. He had a senior brother,

George, who dressed in fustanella. He also wrote patriotic verse, but although he knew more Greek he acknowledged Achilles his better. When Achilles recited it was a great *fête*, and when in 1881 he published his poems in three volumes, the whole of Hellenism from the Danube to the Blue Nile untied its purse-strings. But, as an admirer of his once wrote, Paraschos had the gifts of the nightingale, but not of the ant. He squandered everything he earned, and died a poor man in 1895. But grateful Athens gave him magnificent public obsequies.

So long as Paraschos still flourished nobody thought of depriving him of his poetic laurels. Even Emmanuel Roides, who denied the very name of poet to any writer in the puristic language, including in this general condemnation Rangabé, Bernardakis, Paparrigopoulos and Vasiliades, was compelled to halt, when he came to Paraschos. He disapproved of many of his poems, but admitted that "he was a bard superior to his song." Nevertheless, towards the close of his poetic life, and after his death, a natural reaction took place. Paraschos began to be belittled and parodied.

Nothing, indeed, could be easier. His language puristic at the outset, later the hybrid Athenian colloquial, never the pure demotic, was always extremely meagre, his versification full of chiatus and his rhyming of the poorest. In addition to the poetical shortcomings of his times, he had weaknesses of his own—garrulity and continual repetitions. Writing with facility, he never knew when to stop.

But it was especially in his more extended works, in his epico-lyrical poems, that he sank too low even for criticism. His imagination furnished him with Parisian heroes—lions of an aristocratic world, intoxicated with champagne, whilst he himself sipped nothing stronger than Turkish coffee, in the then poor Athenian *cafés ;* thus he could not help writing parodies of Musset. Even his own love affairs have a foreign touch. He had indeed many in his life, both fortunate and unfortunate, but when he relates them he takes the blasé tones of a Byron. After trying mistresses of every colour and every race, he starts

in search of another one " with twenty autumns but not a single spring." Nevertheless Paraschos was a poet. For the thirty years the nation depended on his lips, " because he was its fellow-sufferer." High ideas he had none, but the nation was in his respect no better off. What Paraschos did possess were warm-hearted and noble feelings, and these he had a natural talent for developing and clothing in eloquent words, pathetic feelings especially. Any one who has read the *'Ορφανὸ*, the Orphan, will always retain some lines of it.

Εἰς τὸν προθάλαμό σας περίλυπο ἐμβαίνω
μὲ μάτι δακρυσμένο, μὲ πρόσωπο ὠχρὸ
γιατὶ νὰ σᾶς προσφέρω δὲν ἔχω τὸ καημένο
μηδ' ἕνα λουλουδάκι μυρσίνης δροσερό.

" Mournful I cross your threshold with tearful eye, with visage pale, for, alas, I can bring you nothing, not even a dewy myrth-flower."

Also the prayer, before the ikon of the Holy Virgin to save his Maria, is very moving. As Rangabes says (*Histoire littéraire*, p. 256), " Il possède au plus point toutes les qualités, les plus charmantes, et les plus réelles du poète lyrique."

Paraschos was especially successful in elegies, or dirges. From the times of Homer till the present day elegy has survived as a domestic form of poetry, *μοιρολόγι*, common almost in all Greek villages. Paraschos gave it rhetorical breath. When lamenting youth he is at his best. His odes on the death of Canaris and especially that of King Otho are perfect specimens. The charm of this poem, so often admired in and out of Greece (Mme Lamber praises the nobleness of its sentiments) lies simply in the fact, that the poet develops all the touching circumstances of Otho's life and death, just in the manner of the *μοιρολόγια*. In these poems his sentiment, always strong, is blended with his other characteristic quality—love of country. He loved Greece tenderly and suffered with her suffering. At that time national affairs were entirely unhappy—from the Cretan insurrection down to the Russo-Turkish war and still later, they were lamentable —and the elegiac tone of Paraschos was perfectly suited to

one, whose mission was that of national poet. Rarely did his patriotic sensibility sink to the level of chilly prose. Upon the enemies of Greece—and for his own enemies—he poured forth the most withering sarcasm. And when he conjures up the past, he is again most successful. In the *Δύο λειτουργίαι* (two Services) in which he portrays the eve of the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and the blessing of the insurrectionary standard in 1821—both of these are popular traditions—he is a true master.

'Ακόμα στὴν ἁγιὰ Σοφιὰ δὲν σβέστη τό καντήλι
'Ακόμα δὲν τὴν ἔσυρεν ὁ Μωχαμέτης δούλα
Καὶ ψαλμῳδί' ἀκούεται εἰς τὴν ὡραία Πύλη.
'Ακόμα εἶναι χριστιανή, ἀκόμα 'Ελληνοπούλλα. . . .

'Αργὰ ἀργὰ τῆς ἐκκλησιᾶς ἀκούετ' ἡ καμπάνα
Καὶ τὰ παιδιά της προσκαλεῖ ἡ πικραμένη μάνα
Κάθε φορὰ π' ἀκούεται ἡ θλιβερὴ φωνή της
Θαρρεῖς πῶς εἶν' ἡ ὕστερη κ' ἐβγῆκεν ἡ ψυχή της.
Τὴν ὕστερή της λειτουργιὰ ἡ ἐκκλησία δίνει
Καὶ εἶναι Δεῖπνος Μυστικὸς ἡ λειτουργιὰ ἐκείνη.

SIMOS MENARDOS.

HEREAFTER

PROMISE that there shall be houses in heaven,
Sure presences of walls and furniture,
Books, and winter evenings, and rain driven
Across safe windows in a shivering blurr.

Promise there shall be little plain towns there,
Days as like as grass, and gossiping;
Week's wash whitening on the shaky air,
And bad sand roads all muddy in the spring.

Promise whipped trees, and fine night-cold like knives
Whetted on ice, and windy huge night-fear—
All the burred, woolly roughness of men's lives!
Or else, Death, must we transpose heaven to here?

ELIZABETH BOHM.

BALLAD OF THE AIRTS

WILL you ride with me in the North Countree
When moors are hidden by fogs
On an untried horse by a boggy track
Over loose stone walls and bogs?
" *I'll ride with you, ride where you do,*
When the chilly fogs are falling,
(*It's from the North my folk went forth*
And the North is ever calling!)"

Will you tramp with me in the South Countree
In a time of pitiless drought,
And pitch a camp on the sun-parched Downs
When the flowers are a shrivelled rout?
" *With you I'll tramp, at sundown we'll camp,*
And my heart will not be weary.
(*I learned of the South from my mother's mouth*
When the little years were cheery!)"

Will you fly with me in the East Countree
When the lightning zigzags around
The bi-plane's wings, when there's never a glimpse
Through clouds at the friendly ground?
" *With you I'll fly, watch a great storm die,*
Hear your engines drown the thunder.
(*I love the East where many a beast*
My forbears lifted as plunder!)"

Will you sail with me off the West Countree
On the turn of a tide's white tail,
Thro' the teeth of a gale in a twelve ton yawl
With never a reef in her sail?
" *With you I'll go in the ebb and flow*
Into the unknown water.
(*The West has wiles and far azure isles*
That call a sea-lover's daughter!)"

Will you live with me in a great citee
Forsaken by beast and bird,
Where the clash of wheels and of stranger heels
At daybreak, at nightfall are heard?

" I'll sail the sea, and any time we
To the land and the sky will go—
But live *in a town where factories frown !*
No, *my comrade*, no ! "

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

THE FOREST RING

WITHIN the circle of these cool brown trunks
There is a magic ring of solitude
And stillness, where deep peace and quiet brood,
And redwoods watching stand, like brown young monks
Who serve the altar with the holy bread,—
A splendid altar, where the soul aspires,
The monster stump of a forest giant dead,
Torn by the tempest, scarred by forest fires.
Skyward the slim, straight boles of redwood rise.
The happy treetops know the swing and sway
Of little leaves ; star-shine, and dawn of day ;
Soft notes of nesting birds ; and Spring's surprise ;
The rush of winds ;—yet ever the branches sing
Of that unstoried giant whence they spring.

Skyward the slim, straight boles of redwood rise,
As we, who are the smaller second growth,
Reach up to touch the sky in joy of youth,
And meet our miracles without surprise.
So swift we climb, so far into the blue !
The winds of hope caress us, and the gleam
Of stars and visions mingle in our dream ;
And nothing is impossible, no myth untrue.
Our world is passing young and fair ! And yet,
Hidden within the shadowy secret place
Where only the sacred voice of memory sings,
We serve our altar, pay our holy debt
To that dear mould from which our being springs,
Beloved giants of our younger days !

ELEANOR PRESTON.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT CRAWFORD

ROBERT CRAWFORD started his career as a poet, comparatively late in life. A working miner, an accident which crippled him apparently released his genius. I have known another case where a shock, this time mental, had the same result. Poetry is a safety-valve more, it may be, than any other form of expression. I have never heard of a musician, for instance, who discovered himself in precisely this way. Perhaps the psycho-analyist will explain! In any case, Robert Crawford, who had always been an ardent student and lover of the best poetry, had all the while been sub-consciously ripening into an achieved poet.

This after all may be the best process of poetical education. The stages of a poet's unfolding are often poor stuff when discovered to the world. Most poets are as callow in their early youth as young birds newly emerged from the egg, and, like young birds, must be taught to fly and sing. Their first few imitative chirps are rarely worth recording, nor their elementary attempts at flight on first leaving the nest. The world can well spare most of the verse which has appeared under the heading of "Juvenalia." It is, as a rule, interesting to the curious-minded, but not otherwise. On the other hand, too great precocity in early verse is apt to be punished also. The tree which bears fruit *out* of, is apt to be barren in season. The first stages of the Poet's Progress are not as a rule worth following. It is better to meet him when he emerges, after who knows what intimate, inner strife, fully-equipped like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter.

Such was the case with Mr. Crawford. He ripened under high auspices. The master-poet of his choice was Milton—a noble choice in key with the spare Lowland country of which he is the son. The beauty of this land lies rather in line than in ornament; it wears its trees and hedges, protestingly, almost, as a Quaker might condescend to a jewel on some great occasion. It is, in some aspects, rather suggestive of French country, perhaps on account

of its open spaces and low, luminous skies. There is a quality in the light here which—so one can imagine at least—is not to be found elsewhere—a mingling of clearness and mist—something remote, unearthly and austere.

I am speaking of the country I know best immediately round Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. Ayrshire is richer and indulges in green fields. Mr. Crawford's verse reflects some of this richness, too, for he belongs to Ayrshire in every fibre and has translated its soil into song.

In Old Ayrshire—he writes in one of his latest poems,

> "In old Ayrshire the waters run
> As waters never run elsewhere,—

through,

> "A vale of olden legacies.
> A land that's richer far than land;
> And waters from hill-chalices,
> More odorous on every hand
> And magical, than Samarcand."

His first poems though, were, rather surprisingly, not of the soil—except a few lyrics of less value. They were two sonnet sequences, with the curiously contrasted titles of *Eve* and *Coalville*. These, published by Basil Blackwood (and particularly noticed by THE POETRY REVIEW) met with quite unusual success. From Eden to a coal-mine seems a considerable step. Could Adam have foreseen that part of his punishment would eventually be expiated underground, Eve's blandishments might after all have been in vain. But we might never in that case have had poets. It is from such bitter contrasts that poetry springs. There seems, moreover, some curious affinity between poetry and coa ! Many of our poets have been or actually are miners. After all, it must not be forgotten that coal and diamonds are actually the same thing.

The *Eve* series—Mr. Crawford's highest achievement—are more clearly inspired than many poems to which this much abused word is often indiscriminately applied. They burst forth in a clear spurt of song, without fumbling uncertainties or hesitations. There is less sureness of touch in some of his other poems—here words could be sub-

stituted and alterations suggested—but the sonnets could hardly be altered without damage to their natural growth. They are born of one of those rare and happy moods when a poet's thought instinctively finds its right and only form, confirming the truth of Keat's dictum " that if poetry does not come as naturally as the leaves on a tree it had better not come at all." If this truth were more widely recognized how much less and how much more poetry would be written !

These sonnets form a living *whole*. They are like the cells of an organism—each with its own clear outline yet passing imperceptibly into the next. High praise surely when a form so admittedly difficult as the sonnet form is concerned. It is rare indeed that almost perfect sonnets spring into being with the ease of daisies and yet with an immortal quality which proves their high descent.

I will quote one, *The Courtship of Eve*, to prove their quality, but it is, of course, clear that they lose by being divided :

I met her in the garden of the Lord,
In those bright purlieus where an angel flies
Above white boughs and where the love-bird cries,
I met her in the garden and adored.
For in her look was all soft promise stored,
As though the liquid colours of her eyes
Were crystallizings of the tenderest sighs,
In whose deep shining gleamed a treasure-hoard.

Her lashes innocently bared to me,
Past their silk curtains, love's hid oasis,
And such her look that had they eyes, each tree
Sap-stirred, had surely trembled at man's bliss,
But we were there alone—alone ! and she
So beautiful ! I know not what she is !

Mr. Crawford, moreover, possesses the gift of suggesting atmosphere, through individual and unusual metres, the movement and arrangement of the words emphasizing their meaning in a magical manner. In these poems he strikes a new note—too original for mere eccentricity, the best of all is a very beautiful short poem called *Ephemera*, published a little time ago in *The London Mercury* :

The winds blow and stop :
The leaning headstones drop.

The dancers cease—they slip
And stiffen in Death's grip ;

To lie from May to May
Disintegrated clay ;

Far deeper than the world
In silence sealed and furled ;

And not for Hebe's breast
Would stint this mead of rest.

It is remarkable that a poet as profoundly national as Mr. Crawford should express himself with equal facility in English and in Scotch. He and Mr. Lewis Spence stand almost alone in this. I suppose this faculty has developed from close study and an intimate acquaintance with the great English masters, and also, primarily, perhaps, because each of these poets really has something to say, and so can say it in either language. This is perhaps the equivalent of the faculty some people possess of using the right and left hands with equal ease !

Scotland is making an interesting effort towards serious poetry. The " kailyard " school, though harmless enough, is dying a natural death. Many reactions of the same kind are simply perverted sentimentality, very bumptious, bad-tempered and mischievous. Scottish romantic good sense has preserved these new writers so far. Amongst them are three or four names which represent more than a simple reaction. If the next generation, which will have its own poets in ever-increasing numbers to contend with, should ever cast a glance in our direction, it will discover a few poets in contemporary Scotland whose names at least deserve to be remembered. I am not indiscreet enough to suggest whose these names will be, but I think that the name of the poet of the *Eve* sonnets is likely to be among them.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD WERE THERE

August, 1914

ALL the women in the world were there :
Jade-caught coils of sleek black hair
Leaned to the blond of the braided coronet,
Brown-flanked island women, close as they could get,
Pushed on the shoulders of the city tailor-made.
And, oh ! all the women in the world were afraid !

One came running and flew up the mountain side,
Turned, caught her breath, threw an arm wide.
Silence, silence to the earth's dim rim,
All the women crowding, set and grim.
Her long finger pointed, her cloak shone white,
Not a woman in the world missed the sight.

" What does he ask ? " the white woman cried.
" Only our sons again ! " a storm wind replied.
" What have we given ? " the white woman cried
All the waters of the world replied :

(Babbling of waters.)
" Beneath my heart a nest "—
" Milk from my breast "—
" A cradle in my tired arms. Rest, child, rest "—
" Food, food, food I cooked for my brood "—
" I laid the law upon his soul and taught him bad from good "—
" I gave up my brain and kept the house instead "—
" I gave up my body, man's love must be fed."

" What have we given ? " the white woman cried.
Whirlwinds and storm-beaten waters replied.

(Beating of a storm.)
" Again, again, again and again
Our sons went out to be killers of men.
Again, again, again and again
Our sons went out to be killed by men."

(A voice shrilling.)
" *Seven from me went out to kill.*
Seven are under the ground.
Seven stars fell in the sea that day
And the sea boiled miles around."

" What shall we do ? " the pointing woman cried.
All the women in the world were there and not a voice replied.
India brooded over widows and funeral pyres.
Africa remembered her starry-eyed dark babies.
The pale-faced, a great host, chewed bitterness.

Then a dark woman loomed against the moon
On the glimmering edge of the world's outer rim.

(A voice shrilling.)
" *Birth on the mountains,*
Death by the sea.
Long are the years
Of eternity."

(The Dark Woman.)
" This shall we do."
Her pointing finger reached
Toward the gleaming one on the mountain side.
Shoulder to shoulder, all the women in the world
Listened, waited, in the dim plain between.

(The Dark Woman.)
We give life—or withhold it.
Who shall say to us
" Now give us your sons, for war ? "
There is a way, Sister.

(The White Woman.)
Sister, there is a way.

(The Dark Woman.)
Deny the gates of birth.

(The White Woman.)
And when death comes to take the last
Of all the men and women of our earth
We shall go innocent—not murderers.

A clean wind swept across the spaces
And carried a low organ sound.
It rose, trembled, grew firm,
Broke like a vast bubble of pitch against the sky,
And fainted down,
For all the women in the world moaned " Amen ! "

ELLEN COIT ELLIOTT.

PETER—AUGUST, 1914

SCANNING the printed sheets : " It's come," you said.
I saw you turn and Peter lift his head,
" What's come ? " he questioned in a voice that tore
Down aisles of silence, " Why," you said, " the War ! "
" And will you go ? " he asked. My hands were cold.
I gripped my chair—something still firm to hold. . . .
You threw the paper down, " Of course, I'll go ! "
The sun was in your hair, your face aglow.
My palms were icy-wet, my voice had gone,
The silence crushed me, pressing on and on.
I looked at Peter, hunched in his chair, he gazed
Down at the polished floor, his grey eyes glazed.
You looked up trains, biting your finger-nails,
We thought of death, you thought of things on rails.

I went to the long window and looked out ;
A blackbird slowly hopped across the lawn,
Behind ; the rolling miles of laughing corn
And clumps of poppies struck me like a shout. . . .
I saw, amongst the lupin's night-blue spears,
The wooing of a pure white butterfly
—A quivering ecstasy—yet nigh and nigh
Swooped swallow's darting shadows and such fears.
I watched the bees searching the heavy flow'rs

Of the wistaria upon the wall ;
And saw the listless, purple clusters fall
Against the warm grey stones—asleep for hours.
The sun poured down in molten streams of gold,
The very leaves hung listless on the trees
Just whispering in the early morning breeze.
Upon the short, hot grass your puppy rolled.
Far down the path flitted a dragonfly—
To where the regal, blood-red peonies drooped,
Their gorgeous heads to kiss the hot earth stoop'd,—
Alighted quivering and darted by.

Beyond the terrace stretched the orchard, still
With dew upon its golden orbs of fruit,
Behind the leaves a thrush sang—like a flute.
I wondered dumbly why we kill . . . we kill.
A day in August laden with the sun,
Bowed down with fruits and gold and summer smells.
And yet in France, I thought, there whine grey shells.
I could not hear War's pæan nor a gun.

I turned back to the room to hear you say :
" I'll grab some things and get to Town to-day."
You saw yourself a hero with a gun,
A leader of the War—what glorious fun !
You saw yourself victorious, on a star
Waving a flaming sword at foes afar,
Poor Peter turned his ashy face to me.
He swallowed hard and blinked uncertainly.
" And me," he said, your eyes were all alarm. . . .
" They won't want me, a chap without an arm ! "
His young face puckered up, his grey eyes swam.
" Oh damn," he choked, " Oh damn and damn and dam ! "

ELIZABETH R. BINNINGTON.

FAR AND NEAR

AN anthology resembles an autograph collection—both are tantalizing and, to some extent, annoying. For as the written name conveys no more than a superficial aspect of the man who signed it, so, also, short poems afford but a glimpse of the author's mind. And ever the judgment and the selection remains with the compiler of the anthology.

In the *Oxford Book of American Verse* (Oxford University Press) it is of necessity that we have but an unenlightening touch with Walt Whitman; yet, for any who would appreciate his work it must be studied in the whole, the good and the bad together. Certainly the selection has been good; some of Whitman's deepest and most finely expressed thoughts are included; still, to know only these is not to understand his untamed genius at all. Is an Anthology, after all, a " bed-time " book ?—a volume you can lazily take up before sleep closes your eyelids and just read a few lines that appeal to your particular personality ? In so bulky a book there must be little poems to suit the most varying intellects.

On the other hand, an anthology does preserve some genius that otherwise would have been lost in the flying dust that the swift feet of Time casts up: notably those tender, symbolic lines by Sidney Lanier, " Into the Woods my Master went, Clean forespent, forespent "; and his chant of the river, which is as melodious as the name of the river is, in our ears, barbarous—the Chattahoochee.

In a nation that, as America, is still young, poetry takes the narrative form. This it has ever done among a people finding, as it were, their feet. There appear a preponderating number of narrative poems in this *Book of American Verse;* and because there has grown up in these days a distaste for poetry that relates an event or a stirring incident, it is not altogether to be despised. This form is history in its infancy; it may be that the late Clement Shorter made it banal in our ears: but when the ugly racial gulf between the Negro and the white man has gone the way of all evil things and disappeared from our midst, the songs of Stephen Collins Foster—" Way down upon de Swanee

Ribber " and " Massa's in de Cold Ground," together with those of Thomas Nelson Page, will have a value akin to our own Canterbury Tales. Foster captures, as only a poet could do, the undying sadness of a patient and humorous race. We encounter the sorry triviality of such verses in Whittier's *Maud Muller* and some others.

It may be true that " our echoes roll from soul to soul," but there is more than an echo of Keats in Richard Henry Stoddard's lines, " How are songs begot and bred ?—From the heart or from the head ? " And Frederick Petterson echoes Bryant's words from his poem *To a Waterfowl*, a delicate and sincere bit of work, Bryant wrote "As darkly seen against the crimson sky, Thy figure floats along." Petterson in *Wild Geese* has, " Dark flying rune against the western glow—— " Bryant went to " His chamber in the silent halls of death " in 1878 ; Pelterson seems to have first opened his eyes in 1859.

The swinging, ringing lines of *The Coasters* by Thomas Fleming Day might have come from Kipling's pen :

" Cargo reef in main and fore,
Manned by half a crew,
Romping up the weather shore,
Edging down the Blue—"

The dominant note in the older poets of America seems to be tuned to a gentle, philosophizing morality ; a note set by Longfellow, and preceded by John Howard Payne in his painfully correct attitude towards *Home*, " Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." The younger poets have fled from easy sentiment and are rather absorbed in introspective attention to their own heart-beats. Not that there is not beauty in many of these introspective poems, but we wonder, at times, whether self-vivisection has become a habit with some moderns.

" I am fevered with the sunset, I am fretful with the bay." (A *Bay* seems a strange thing to be fretful with ! we had almost written " boy " as something one might be " fretful " with.) " If I am slow forgetting, Ah, well, come back and see." These wholly personal lines are more fitted for the private diary than for poetic publication.

The late Amy Lowell is represented by *Patterns* and *The Precinct—Rochester*, and some shorter poems. The idea in *Patterns* is original, but there is a fatal touch of pedestrian prose in many of the lines—a heavy footfall that she seems unable to avoid using. This is true also of *The Precinct*,—the poetic instinct of the Roman Wall watching, waiting, is obscured by " The Dean is in the Chapter House ; he is reading the architect's bill for the complete restoration of the Cathedral ; he will have ripe gooseberries for supper." This is not even free prose. Of free, or unrhymed verse, Edwin Markham has a fine poem, *The Man with the Hoe*. The rise and fall of the lines is as sonorous and melodious as ever the echo of rhyme could make it.

There are too many poets in this anthology for it to be possible to mention all, and such names as Edgar Allan Poe, Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes must be left to the judgments already passed upon them. We own to a faint surprise that T. S. Eliot is not included ; we had supposed his work was greatly thought of in America. *Miniver Cheevy* by Edwin Arlington Robinson was once read enthusiastically to us by a young poet from over the sea ; we did not grasp its meaning then or now, nor any poetic feeling in it. The *Oxford Book of American Verse* makes possible a still finer anthology of the many poets in that great land ; in the next one we hope that such stuff as *A Countrywoman of Mine* by Elaine Goodall Eastman, may be sternly excluded. As a mere frivolous complaint we could wish that our transatlantic writers had not always three names ! It becomes as tiresome as Mary Baker Eddy ; John Milton seems enough for us on this side.

To pass from a concrete building, with the harsh clank of machinery issuing from within, to a fair Greek Temple below which lie the blue waters of a lake, is to experience the same sensation that comes over us on reading *Dedication* by Viola Garvin (Victor Gollancz, Ltd.). We sense the beauty, but, also, the far removal from the toil and stress of life as it is in these days. " The little rooms that once were mine . . . some with a window to the dark, Greek sea ; Some eavesdropping by a forest, where the pine

whispers at dusk his aromatic tune of Galilee or Avalon" —but no window opening to the street of labour which is man's lot. The echoes from Galilee are vibrant with pain, but pain is absent from the singing voice of *Dedication*, as knowledge of evil is absent from the voice of the Nun chanting sweetly at Vespers. It may be a joy to sail "In elfin boat with samite sail of lustrous hue," but the average man usually travels in an unbeautiful omnibus, and Viola Garvin, in her retreat of pearl and silver, seems a little unaware of the average man. It takes all worlds to produce the complete poet. We repeat that we sense the beauty but we miss the pain. Nevertheless, we are not ungrateful for the chiselled fineness of the work. Once again we wish that publishers would not extol their goods by praise printed on the cover: it arouses a spirit of antagonism; it cannot forward good work nor advance work that has no value. A good wine needs no bush.

ARTHUR HOOD.

SAINT MARTHA

SAINT of the burdened heart and hand
And of the wordly-careful face,
Pardoned among the saints you stand
The only saint of all your race!

Of all those who have never sought
The part of Mary and of Ruth
And have been troubled and distraught
With things irrelevant to Truth;

Of all who have, for wordly care,
Their souls a Heavenly peace denied—
Of all this earth-bound race you were
Alone a little justified:

For, though you "served" and plied your broom
While Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
Yet for your Lord you swept the room,
Prepared the food for Him to eat.

N. K. CRUICKSHANK.

CREDO

A NOTE ON POETRY AND SCIENCE

I AM only a second-rate mathematician, but I have penetrated far enough to admire the generality, rigour and economy of thought in the complete proof of Cauchy's Theorem. I can see a certain beauty in the great sweeping strokes of thermodynamics, the monumental realism of statistical mechanics and the futurist methods of a discontinuous calculus. Geometry has never appealed to me: it is, in its lower reaches at least, at once less subtle and more restricted than analysis. This liking for subtlety is no doubt one with my fondness for the Dutch painters who, rejecting obvious prettiness and even obvious beauty, looked for delicate harmonies of colour and design. Similarly I distrust poets who seek specialized material:

> "In red and orange sands and flowers green
> And painted butterflies. . . ."

Imaginative though such poetry may be, it reveals no new beauty in the external world: it communicates nothing save its own internal harmony.[1] Now poetry, unlike music, employs words and therefore must state or else fail to give a lasting satisfaction. Imaginative writing (including the work of most poetasters) builds an artificial paradise, a refuge from reality, yet builds it from words, symbols of reality, so that often the illusion fails:

> "And at my back from time to time I hear
> The sound of horns and motors. . . ."

I prefer the work of poets who, recognizing the nature of their medium, use it to transmute the ordinary material of life:

> "Into that silver out of shadows beat
> Dead black, the whole mysterious fishing-fleet."

Villon was such a one, Chaucer another, Shakespeare too. Their art knew no restrictions:

> "Take one, take all: will no eclectics here,
> No sentimental pickers of fair flowers,
> Take heather and the sunset, take the lark,
> The soft transmuting miracle of rain,
> But take the blood upon the weasel's tooth."

The ballad writers and the Elizabethan dramatists were romantics in a sense which I shall presently define, but they regarded the whole of life as their legitimate field: the vulgar comic scenes form an essential background to Marlowe's epic of the human spirit.

[1] To avoid confusion with Wordsworth's somewhat blurred attempt at definition I have retained the word 'imagination' for what might more accurately be described as fancy or phantasy.

The Elizabethans garnered a late harvest: the scientists were already abroad, and Spenser, abandoning the interpretation of nature to them, turned his attention to imaginative literature. Phineas Fletcher still claimed the wide realms of Skelton and Tusser, and Drayton (e.g., in the Poly-Olbion) made sporadic attempts to regain the lost ground, but the poets of the seventeenth century fall into two main groups, the imaginative and the metaphysical—only the elegant wits still flirted with the everyday life of their class.

It was towards the end of the century that the English classical school arose among men who accepted the current philosophy of science. To-day we are nearly all scientists; a boundless faith in the rationality of the universe has become part of the texture of our minds. Now man has always sought to set the content of his mind in harmony with the external world. There are many ways, e.g., the naive religious:

"God's in His heaven, all's well with the world."

the autohypnotic:

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought, in a green shade"

and the imaginative:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree."

I do not mean that these lines express the permanent philosophies of Marvell or Browning, nor do I assert that internal harmony was Coleridge's sole criterion of poetic beauty. I quote them as examples of a poetic expression which, being essentially selective, fails to reveal any permanent harmony in the universe.

The Greek dramatic view is more general, seeing in everything the action of inscrutable decrees of fate. Hardy and Housman derive from Euripides:

"To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be."

There is fine scope for tragedy here, the spirit of man ever rebelling against unchangeable providence; but it is perilously like scientific materialism. Now science tells us only of the relations between the constituents of the universe and nothing of the nature of these constituents: it is formulated observation. To facilitate its expression it tacitly accepts a form of materialism, first described by Kepler. The

universe consists of objects and of relations between these. Words and mathematical symbols correspond to these or classes of these. Hence applied mathematics and prose can only depict relations between objects. English Classical writers such as Pope have always been confident in the power of science to elucidate the universal scheme:

" A mighty maze ! but not without a plan."

They have never been religious in a Christian sense, their creed has been Stoicism : God has determined all things, until the end of time he must obey his own decrees.

" From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

Pope was satisfied that organized nature had evolved from a " heap of jarring atoms." The nature of these atoms and of his own consciousness did not concern him. He was not bothered by " this devil of thought ingrained."

Against this empiricism Berkeley and the Idealists revolted : so did the German imaginative writers, Tieck and Novalis, and soon Coleridge followed. Coleridge's great poems are mainly imaginative, not romantic, their beauty lies in their internal harmony, not in any reflection of nature, but once it had been shown that poetry could say something inexpressible by science, the way was open for Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley and Byron to express "sensations rather than thoughts."

It must be remembered that the English romantics were not less intellectual than the classical writers of the eighteenth century ; they were more analytical. Not satisfied by a description of the universe, they had an inner conviction that it was possible to know something of the nature of things and, unlike the mystics, they claimed to express such knowledge in spite of the limits of language set out above. " Wovon mann nicht sprechen kann, darüber muss mann schweigen." It is the cry of all mystics, but the Romantics were not mystics ; Blake was not a mystic. He possessed imagination and had faith in direct revelation, but he did not believe that the truths revealed transcended *all* possible forms of expression. The true mystic, such as Boehme or Wittgenstein tells the reader *how* to attain vision ; the Romantic conveys the vision directly, by the use of symbolism.

Now, by symbolism I do not mean simple imagery, I do not mean

metaphor. Imagery, however beautiful, is, after all, only figurative illustration, alternative description. It is used by classical writers, it is used by scientists (not always for the good of science !) but it is not an essential part of their equipment. It is sometimes a short cut, more often it serves to associate ideas of beauty not necessarily inherent in the subject itself.

Symbolism, on the other hand, is essential to the Romantic writer. He denies that words are the mere simulacra of objects and asserts that they are the components of mind. By their dextrous manipulation mental states can be induced in which a comprehension of the universe is attained, not merely a perception of its relations. We must be prepared to hear the Romantic say things which are meaningless when subjected to logical analysis; the symbol, not the word, is his unit of thought. Music and great Classical Art, however they may differ over the Reality-Time problem, both seem to be saying that the nature of things is really implicit in their relationships; but Romantic Art, as in Wordsworth, says that the nature of things is implicit in the perception of them and the perceptions are themselves "harmonious," i.e., the symbols representing them can co-exist in the mind. Thus Classicism says the world can be represented by logical thought where Romanticism speaks of harmonious symbols.

Do not imagine that it is possible to seize a word here or there in the later Coleridge or Keats and say "this is a symbol, it means so-and-so." Often the whole poem is the symbol and rhyme, rhythm, alliteration and assonance are all aspects of it. A symbol which is explained is no longer a symbol—the explanation proves the symbol's superfluity. I believe in the rational order of nature, in economy of thought and in economy of symbolism. These are the fundamental principles of metaphysics, mathematical science and aesthetics respectively.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

The Rev. Allan Brockington, author of *The Nazarene*, *Common Epiphany*, and other remarkable narrative poems, contributed to the April number of the *London Mercury* an article on his friend, the late Cecil Sharp. Mr. Brockington has been giving a course of University Extension Lectures in north-country towns. At Sunderland the lectures were attended by the Mayor and ex-Mayor, and at their conclusion a tribute was paid "to the lecturer's attractive personality and engaging frankness, and of his astonishing power of often putting into one sentence, or even an aside, some striking thought with a world of meaning."

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY

XVII: LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, MRS. GILDERSLEEVE'S POETRY, EVELYN WATSON'S NEW BOOK.

LIIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE'S rich contribution to American poetry is contained in seven lovely volumes: *A Handful of Lavender* (1919, Thomas B. Mosher), *A Branch of May* (Thomas B. Mosher, 1920), *Spice Wood and Wild Cherry* (Norman Remington, 1923), *A Wayside Lute* (Thomas B. Mosher, 1922), *A Quiet Road* (Thomas B. Mosher, 1924), and, recently, *Little Henrietta* (Geo. Doran), and also a book of her *Selected Poems* published by Longmans Green & Co. (1927). Born in Baltimore, January 9, 1856, her years, so full of poetry, have been spent largely there. Her duties as teacher of English have held her, and her many friends and hometies. But the range of her gifted mind is only circumscribed by the twenty-four hours of a day. The whole life of the imagination expressing itself through the glamorous phenomen a of nature is hers, meeting the finest distinctions of feeling or beauty.

Speaking first of her noted Sonnet, "Tears," we will open each of her volumes and give one poem from each. It was the house of Scribner that was fortunate enough to have first printed "Tears" (*The Wayside Lute*):

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog between us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

From *A Handful of Lavender*, dedicated "to the sweet memory of Sidney Lanier," the following:

"Love Weeping Laid this Song
on a copy of the *Iliad* found with the mummy of
a young girl.

Lo! an old song, yellow with centuries!
She, she who with her young dust kept it sweet;
She, in some green court on a carvèd seat,
Read it at dusk, fair-paged upon her knees;

And, looking up, saw there, beyond the trees,
Tall Helen through the darkling shadows fleet;
And heard, out in the fading river-street,
The roar of battle like the roar of seas.
Love, weeping, laid this song when she was dead
In that sealed chamber, strange with nard and musk.
Outliving Egypt, see it here at last.
We touch its leaves; back rush the seasons sped; ,
For us, as once for her, in that old dusk,
Troy trembles like a reed before the blast!

From *A Branch of May*, "Keats":

Fluting and singing with young locks aflow,
This lad, forsooth, down the long years should pass,
With scent of blooms with daffodils arow,
Lighting their candles in the April grass.
Ah, 'tis not thus he comes to us, but sweet
With youth and sorrows! When we speak his name,
Lo, in the old house in the foreign street,
His broken voice, lamenting that his fame
(Alack he knew not!) passing fleet would be!
He grieves us with his melancholy eyes,
Yet are all weathers sweeter for that he
Did sing. Deep in the Roman dust he lies,
How since he died the century hath sped!—
And they that mocked him, yea, they too are dead.

From *Spice Wood*, dedicated "To My Mother," "Like Wind Behind The Wall":

Run to me, little cares; run, every fret
And drudgery that prick the uneasy light;
Hold me and hurt me; even in the night
So pack my dreams, I shall forget—forget.
Turn me into a dull, poor careful thing
Of house and table-settings—nothing more;
A wisp, a shred of what I was before,
Quit of the custom of remembering.
But no and no! Like wind behind the wall,
He wanders sighing down the ancient mold;
Drifts through some crevice, with a racing breath
Of brambles blowing very fair and tall;
Sudden he bursts upon me as of old,
Marching triumphant from the doom of death!

From *Wild Cherry*, dedicated to Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, "Dear Friend," "Changed England, 1921":

As one, who comes back to a house of yore,
Some high old house in legendary trees,

And misses, blue flower here, there, at the door,
Notes thinning bush, a difference in the bees;
Then enters, halts and, of a sudden knows
A face gone out, a step lost on the stair,
So I, in England. Every buffet shows
Upon her cheek; her every bone lies bare.
Yet comes not still the bloom to urban bough?
Yet pluck not girls the country thorn and sigh?
Folks buy, and sow, and neighbours go about?
Oh, different! Oh, more worth loving now,
Spent loveliness, that hurts me like a cry;—
The step lost on the stair, the face gone out!

From *A Wayside Lute*, "To Art":

What are thine ends? To idle at the door,
The while the wharves call and the ships go by
Set sail and drift under an April sky,
A curious mariner from shore to shore?
To strip from woodland pool the pipe of yore,
Bursting with many a high, sweet, ancient air
And shrilling down the country highways fare?
Son of the gods, and hast thou nothing more!
Storm through the tides, unheeding wreck or night,
Lord of the chart, the track, lord of thy fears,
Fling to the gust the reed of weathers slight;
Blood of our blood, and kin to all our tears,
Cry through the dark, and drive the world to light;
Strike at the heart of time, and rouse the years.

From *A Quiet Road*, "Charles Lamb":

Lover of London, not a violet
Purples at a shop-door the end o' Lent,
But thought he higher than all its kind in Kent;
And if the door were carved—then better yet!
Elizabethan laughter fills his time,
He heard its echoing and made it his;
And with its smacking words for that or this,
He set to prose what others saved for rhyme.
Past cheat of years the comrades of his mood—
The quiet old men sitting in the sun;
Strict maids; gray clerks; and children fair and blest;
And that sad woman of his house and blood—
And still he hides his hurts from dearest one;
But with the whole world shares the stingliess jest!

Walter De La Mare avers, "Miss Reese belongs to no particular school; she belongs to herself. Open at random and the accents of

one voice, the colouring of one mind, the presence of a definite sensibility and the dreaming and reverie of one single imagination are instantly evident. Her poems prove also that Miss Reese has had a good look at life at close quarters, and at humanity and at what we call Nature. Every work of art is a revelation of one human spirit's living and vivid interest in these things. Here is hers; revealing her courage, simplicity, insight, downrightness, tenderness and consuming zeal."

And now we turn to "Little Henrietta," which is an "exquisite memorial to a little girl distinguished in its grace and tenderness, in its subtlety and poignancy." Its 50 pages abound in so many beautiful and discerning lines, it is aggravating to make a choice where there is so much one wants! A description of "the house itself," where one meets the cherished child is a Whistler!

> The house itself was a low, mellowed thing
> In part of brick, in part of faded wood;
> Set for a century in the four great winds,
> Set in its years as in a mist of rain
> At edge of twilight, when a narrow sound,
> Silver in air,
> Pricks through each crack of the short, half-lit hour,
> Such was its look, and with that look was bound
> That of dim fast-kept Aprils, crowded close,
> At every chimney, and about each door,
> . . . . .
> A box-bush clutched one corner; it was sad;
> Its odour made a difference in the sun.
>
> * * *
>
> At such a time beyond the cherry-trees,
> Our daffodils, hugging their yellow crocks,
> Stood in a hush like that of laughter done,
> So many they were more than one could count.
> The wind blew, blew a little; and the bees
> In the young light drawled by.
> The little wind turned to a little gust,
> Slapped at the pale brief petals; down they fell
> To lodge like tufts of wool within the grass;
> And all the world was gust and cherry-bloom!
> . . . . .
> at fall of dusk
> Our ancient house went slipping out of sight
> Its windows gleaming like rich satin there;
> Wrapped round in veils the last cart dwindled by:

Here is a line-drawing of the little girl,—

> The Flemish sun
> Gave her that mother's voice, her sweet quick smile ;
> Her father's moodier weather had its share
> In Kent-blue eyes, a gusty lift of head.

* * *

THE POETRY OF ELENA DE A. GILDERSLEEVE.—Speaking English and Spanish equally well, Mrs. Gildersleeve really has been educated in the two languages, and has been influenced in writing poetry by the poetry of both tongues, and by the truest admiration of their beauty and colour. She realizes that her verse has been influenced by the oriental feeling in Spanish verse—not the florid romantic school, but the type that has the almost arid love of clarity and restraint that is also characteristically Oriental. Her verses, simple in form and direct in expression, depend for their charm on the actual sound and colour of the words chosen. That could be said fairly of almost all verse, but is particularly true of the Spanish, she tells me.

Her husband's father, Basil L. Gildersleeve, the great classical scholar, has been a sympathetic and admiring friend of her poetry, and his knowledge and advice were a constant source of growth. Here follows several examples of Mrs. Gildersleeve's gift :

MOTHS

> I used to think that moths were beautiful,
> With their great empty velvet eyes.
> I thought of them as gallants of the flowers,
> I thought of them as swift, dark-loving swains.
> Then once I saw them dead and pitiful,
> Burned by the light, the way the poet dies,
> And gone was all the mystery of dark hours
> In broken wings and ashy stains.
> I used to think that moths were beautiful,
> And now I find them only charred desire,
> Fated to die, as dreamers die, in merciful,
> Swift waves of fire.

TREES

> The willow is a maiden, with beryl in her hair,
> The cedar is an idol, the elm a gentle knight.
> The ashtree is like Orson, the fir like Valentine,
> The apple is a country wench, a princess is the pear.
> The cherry is a Chinese lord, the peach tree a delight . . .
> But the fragrant little twisted box is mine.

ENCHANTMENT

You know the sacred cycles of the moon,
The ceaseless ebbs and flowing of the tide,
The airy smooth-worn route of every wind . .
And more!

You know the secret of that age-long swoon
Called death. What passes and abides
You know! All that a captive heart can bind
You know!

HER SMILE

The thing I want to speak of is her smile,
That false sweet smile that death laid on her lips,
It told me all I had most feared to know,
It told me without subterfuge or guile
The reason for the clumsy little slips
I used to scorn, and laugh at so!
It told me also of her sickening fear,
It opened up the terrors of her heart,
I saw myself, and knew that all the while
She knew me too, yet held me somehow dear
And held me showhow hated and apart . . .
And died, just smiling that revealing smile.

* * *

Barbara Young's first book, *The Keys of Heaven* (Fleming H. Revell Co.).—Barbara Young has become well known and much loved through her constant contributions in the poetry columns of our morning *New York Times*. She possesses the nature of a poet and the gift of expression, and in her so easily written contributions to American poetry, voices the joys and sorrows of the artist. Her poem celebrating Shakespeare's Birthday a year ago has been widely read and quoted. It is so beautiful that we will place it in our selection:

WITH STAFF AND SANDALS

Will Shakespeare

Thou mortal and immortal in one breath,
Thou singer of the silences of time,
Thou faithful lover of the stones and stars,
And every blade of grass, and every sun
That shines in the immeasurable sky;
Thou, drinking dew as other men drink wine,
Feeding thy soul on lavender and haw,
And skylark's singing, and the greenwood shade;

Thou who hast gathered life and love and death
And string them lightly on a silver string
With kisses, bowls of ale, and daffodils;
Thou, Puck and Lear and Denmark in one hour;
Thou who hast built a world within a world,
Whence camest thou, and from what infinite vast
Didst thou adventure to this little earth
Across the whirling miracle of years,
An æon folded up within thy hand?

Living and dying then, a thousand deaths
In thy great heart and on the golden page,
Whence art thou gone, and which bright singing star
Dost thou inhabit of the many stars
That shine upon this memorable night?

Sweet Shakespeare we have called thee in our hearts;
And still we sit in wonder at thy feet.
"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,"
We don the garment of thy gallantry
And play the play with vigour to the end.

And with an humble pen we trace to-day
The letters of thy word: "We must endure
Our going hence, even as our coming hither,
Ripeness is all." And man can say no more.

Perhaps the ultimate test of writers is their keen reaching toward the immortal in their own writings. It seems to make one blood relative with the ideal. Quoting from *I Was a Brown Girl Once*, we will give the first and the last stanzas:

I was a brown girl once, and so I know
How black the jungle darkness is at night.
And I remember, sometimes, in a dream,
Brown faces I have loved.
And I remember
The taste of strange wild fruits,
And strange wild lips
As sweet as honey is. And I have heard
Strange cries at night, that were not strange to me;
And they have turned my very blood to ice,
And then to fire. And with remembered sounds
I have made answer to the crying voice.

. . . . .

To-day, the morning and the noon are still.
The wind is weary in the weary trees,

Remembering past things. And I am here
Holding a captured æon in a hand
Quiet and white. The brown girl's restless breath
Stirs in a pallid breast. And we are one.
I look into an early drop of dew
And find no less of life than she once found
In all that early jungleful of rain.

I was a brown girl once, and so I know
How black the jungle darkness is at night.

One of the most inspiring experiences, perhaps, in the writing life of Miss Young was the sending to Eleonora Duse a sonnet about her. The letter which swiftly came to Miss Young on her receiving it would be one of the treasures in the writer's life. Quoting from the poem :

Spirit of bright unconquerable flame,
Woman of steel and velvet, fire and dew,
Soul of time past, and of all time to come—
What shall we say of her ? *What shall we say ?*
. . . . . .
Gold candles of imperishable youth—
Divine and quenchless flame, in whose blue heart
A steady fire of utter knowledge burns—
These light the once dull page some groping man
Has penned in the slow darkness of his day.

Comrade of sorrow, and acquaint with grief—
Inscrutable, and gentle, and replete
With every perfect grace of womanhood ;

Knowing the ageless mystery and charm
Of full years carried high and breathlessly ;
Knowing the secret and unhindered way
To shrive the unforgiven. And, I think—
Even the smallest pang of childhood beats
Upon her heart like rain. For they do whisper,
Who have looked deep into her living eyes,
That she is somewhat more than mortal clay.

Woman of flame and silver, frost and dew,
Spirit of late incomparable valour—
Strange, lovely, cosmic soul—*what can we say ?*

Her book is dedicated " To Friendship," and she culls from the sayings of Kahlil Gibran on that page—" And let there be no purpose

in friendship save the deepening of the spirit." Barbara Young draws so constantly from the wellspring of a poet's happiness that surely we shall have another book, and welcome it soon.

* * *

EVELYN WATSON'S *Flame Wings* (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston; Foreword by Nellie Burget Miller, Poet Laureate of Colorado, in which Mrs. Miller says: "A trained ear and an educated mind have disciplined these ecstatic flights and made them intelligible.") is a satisfaction for its own sake, but a still deeper significance attached to it is an illustration of the independence of that inner richness which we may call subjective mind, soul or spirit, as we will, of the psychical powers. Besides her fine gift, Miss Watson draws us to her through her valour and courage. It will be remembered that we offered in her honor through the American Section of THE POETRY REVIEW two years ago a prize for the best sonnet on Stars. Miss Watson, who has never seen the stars, wanted to know what the poets said and found in the privilege of physically beholding their beauty. Since that time she has splendidly carried on through much physical adversity, and *Flame Wings* shows us how her spirit has fared. The book is some 124 pages long, and filled with the visible beauty of nature as well as mind's responses to it. We will read here "The Gull":

> By waves of molten metal, silvered-bronze
> (And purpled in the blue of twilight's haze—
> That soft exotic vapor tinged with rose)—
> Beneath the moon's thin scimitar ablaze,
> The sands are stained with shadows of the cliffs
> And bordered darkly where the creeping tides
> Have lapped. Silver signatures of light
> Upon the waves! A shapely gull now rides
> Alone into the sad night harbourless,
> Alone into dim immensity—
> Shall I not be as fearless who must fare
> Facing a darkness yet unknown to me?

and "To an Unknown Bird":

> Melody across the evening's rim
> Has set my heart to song; my soul's aglow
> To follow Beauty, blindly after him
> And win new glories music shall bestow.
>
> A tiny guide, a conqueror of gloom,
> Who scatters joy across the arching spaces,
> His memory will haunt my darkest room
> And bring anew the warmth of welcome places.

Sing forth, oh, bird! And let your charms arise,
Rejoice that heart, which fairly bursts with song,
Oh, rapturous minstrel, supreme and sweet surprise:
That fairy form—yet masterful and strong!

Sing on, my bird, and with your lyric give
New hope and happiness, and livelier themes,
If you, so small, shall show us how to live,
Then what of power that's fast in *living* dreams?

Then what of man whose soul was made to sing,
Whose mind was made to rise, whose spirit soars?
Sing on, oh, bird, melodiously offering
New prophesies from Nature's hidden lores.

Bring courage, warmth and beauty to us all,
And make us follow fast the ways of right,
Lead man to seek wherever beauties call
Across the zones of conflict and of night.

and—" A Lyric Mood."

I sing with my soul when *they sing*—
Birds in their nests, birds on the wing.
Birds busy in flight, flooding the night
With joy that ascends to the King.
I sing with my soul when they sing.

I'm lifted on pinions to the lands of my dreams,
My mind is a-surge with beauty that gleams,
The world with its sorrow has left me apart—
I'm flooded with glory of the Spirit's Sunbeams!
I sing with my soul when they sing.

There is scarcely a bird that flies the blue unremembered in this book, *Flame Wings*.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

The Rev. D. R. Fotheringham, K.R.G., Hon. Secretary of The Byron Society, puts into words what we hoped and felt would be the general verdict on Dr. Olivero's illuminating Hardy article. He writes, " Even before I saw the little paragraph about myself, I had made up my mind to write and compliment you on the splendid article on Thomas Hardy by Professor Olivero. It is much the best of all the articles I have read on Hardy. It is an excellent number again! "

SERVICE

THE man who only dreams of service, visions Fame,
And builds a temple for his dream, an empty shell
To hold Ambition's atmosphere. He sinks a well
Devoid of springs, and leaves the world a name
That men shall laugh to scorn, and say
" His work was but a dreamer's ecstasy
That stirred no depths, and faded with his day."

For he who pins his faith to dreams,
But anchors Destiny to some frail star,
That severed from infinity,
Falls noiselessly into the unplumbed deeps of the night,
And falling stirs no depths of immortality,
But fades from sight.

A dream is but the echo of an unsung song
That floats like fantasy on an unresting sea,
And like a bubble breaking,
Dissolves its luminous rays,
Then falls into a vortex of vacuity,
For dreams have brittle wings
That cannot reach transcendent heights,
And break with Life's hard buffetings ;

They are but phantasmagoria
Floating through a visionary's brain,
Like seeds sown, then left untended,
The sport of wind and rain ;
Lifted by whirlwind fantasies ;
Across wide spaces blown,
Then scattered on a barren wilderness
Of weeds and stone.

This is Service, unmaterialized.

But he who dreams of service,
And achieves his dream,
Materializing thought
From the eternal scheme ;

Whether humanity to serve,
Or some great work to raise,
Uplifting the souls of men
From baser things, he lays
A stone upon posterity.

—Whether he fashions a pinnacle
To crown the heights of Fame,
Or a corner-stone for science
To uphold Discovery's name,
If he but carves a letter
Upon the scroll of Fate,
Or sculptures a marble statue,
Though years should abrogate
His work, he leaves a mark upon infinity,
That pierces the starry heights
And reaches to Eternity.

The man who dreams of Service,
May write but Fantasy
Upon the scroll of Fate,
And he who dreams,
And tries to crystallize his dreams,
Giving his best,
Keeping his heart compassionate,
Gives Love,
And he who gives Service with Love,
Gives Self,
And holds his soul inviolate.

EDITH M. WALKER.

The Spring Examination for the Poetry Society's Gold Medal for Verse Speaking will be held at the Blackfriars Theatre on May 15th at 6 p.m. Prospective candidates may obtain a copy of the regulations and entry forms from the General Secretary. Readers of THE POETRY REVIEW are urged to attend this distinctive Poetry Recital, at which Sir J. Forbes-Robertson will act as examiner.

A general examination in the art of reading and speaking poetry will be held at the University of London, S. Kensington, on June 9th and on July 7th. Conditions, etc., as before. All inquiries, entries, and other communications should be addressed to The General Secretary, The Poetry Society, 16 Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

THE POET'S FELLOWSHIP:

A NEW POETRY ASSESSMENT BOARD

We can claim that our spring exhibition of new poems is a reflex of the best work in contemporary poetry. We can parallel all modern styles, tendencies, and forms. This is made more possible and creditable by the absence of outstanding individualities in modern poetry. The recognized practitioners represent groups rather than personal forces. A thoroughly qualified and painstaking judge could match the work of any particular present-day poet who gets into the more important and authoritative anthologies from among the diverse MSS. that come before us for assessment. The latter is no more imitative and derivative than the former, who are not sufficiently authentic to be original in the strict, personal sense. How dangerous it is to make the very common charge of imitativeness was indicated in the course of Mr. Morgan's letter in the last POETRY REVIEW. It is often unfair, even when a major poet is supposed to be the influence. Milton, Keats, Tennyson had no monopoly of the spirit, character, and genius most strongly expressd in and by them. How much more likely is it for the genius that is not so dominant and individual, that is more characteristic of the time than of personal spirit and capacity, to be repeated in and by several voices at the same period.

We would like to go more thoroughly into this argument, and for the credit of contemporary work conduct a thorough, careful investigation of this great output of new work in English verse that comes to us in MSS. and volume form from all parts of the world. To do something in this way is one of the duties of The Poetry Society; a competent critical department on an extensive scale must be organized to study, advise and adjudicate upon original work—a bigger, more worth while task than many special investigations are and one involving psychological and sociological as well as literary questions. We must have this Board of Examiners, and it must be recruited almost entirely from among our younger colleagues. Add this development of the work of the Poetry Society to the vision of its scope and activities described by Mr. Casson in a recent issue of THE POETRY REVIEW and you will realize that the Society is only on the threshold of its activities, that before us lies a greater work than we have done or even dreamed of in our earlier stages.

Now to our immediate task again—the selection of the most representative poems of the month. Miss A. E. Mackay (Chelsea) is placed first not only because of the general content of her Theodore Roussel *Elegy*, but also because she brings to completeness therein some of the salient features of contemporary versification, expressing herself with great conciseness, eradicating all unnecessary ornament

and trying to give expression to a new form of verse. Will some other serious workers who are not quite certain of themselves note these qualities, which, however, do not constitute the whole of modern art. Miss Mackay is a severe and successful experimentalist who risks the loss of apparent spontaneity. With Miss Mackay we admit to premium honours Miss Eleanor Preston of San Francisco, for *The Forest Ring*—another experimentalist but of a different school, who is chary of adjectives in a piece that would excuse the use of many in exuberant imagery. Do not say that "soft notes of nesting birds," "deep peace," "the rush of winds" are hackneyed phrases—the common coinage is more acceptable than artful counterfeit. With Miss Preston we bracket Silvia H. Dobson, of Neville's Cross—one of the younger generation indulging in direct, stark, descriptive effects, concentrating on one definite, salient point, as in *The New Town*.

How cold the streets,
These wide and stately streets :
Sweeping like arrows,
Straight towards the heart
Of the new town—
With row on staring row
Of brick-red houses,
Uniform in shape ;
With plots of grass ;
And little stunted trees ;
Round pillar-boxes ;
Bins of yellow sand ;
Everything new,
Without a shadowy past
Of haunting shadows,
Flitting lonely ghosts—
How new the town !

This town that has no soul,
These streets that have not
Gracious memories.

We are tempted to place besides this, for your criticism, the simplest of several pieces in the modern manner by Mr. Edward Cattle (London) Can you find poetry in *To Bed*?

When you have said good-night
and wound the clock,
seen to the windows,
and put out the light,
counting the day as done,
only then in dreams
all your schemes
can peep like mice and run
along the wainscot
of your heavy sleep ;
all your little love
can live itself
like the novels
in the night on the shelf.

* * *

We have a lengthy "Honours" List, in which a high place must be given to Elsa Brabant Parker's *Foreboding*, which by both contrast and direct suggestion as well as by rhythm conveys the sense of that depressing word. She achieves atmosphere. Colour and imagery of a more recondite nature are found in *The Lacquer Bowl* and *The Violinist* by Ellen Coit Elliott (Stanford University) ; Joyce Sambrook (Chelsea) is sib to Ralph Hodgson in *Chickweed and Groundsel ;* M. Forbes Myers (Bournemouth) startles us with a record of our own search in *Christ in London ;* John Willwyn again shows himself akin to the Elizabeth-

ans and a very modern light-versifier; A. D. L. Wilson, Vera Arlett, Nancy Pollok again adorn very human feelings and poignant situations with literary grace; in a distinguished long poem Edith Walker celebrates the passing of Thomas Hardy; E. Hall Hains, whose quality was proved in the last issue of THE POETRY REVIEW, contributes more characteristic sonnets; Mrs. Eve continues her sequence of delicate tree poems. We cannot continue to particularize; there are other poems we would like to place on exhibition as exemplars of fine new work—records of keen, exact observation and vivid description, searching analysis of intimate feelings and emotions (too intimate occasionally, the reserved stranger finds, and too self-centred and absorbed in the eternal "I" which, however, may relate to the reader with startling appropriateness), and the deistic poems of religious speculation and aspiration, to which a contributor takes exception but which cannot be regarded as theological or familiar or conventional but expressive of very deep-seated, ancient arguments and visions and the intense desire to reconcile the hopes and fears of the spiritual pilgrimage. Contributors of these and other types of poems are commended, including:

E. F. Alden, Haddenham.
Edith S. Beves, Hove.
H. Bluen, Haslemere.
T. E. Casson, Newton-le-Willows.
F. H Cockle,. Mayfield.
Mary H. Cooper, Columbus, Ohio.
T. B. Crawford, Paisley.
N. K. Cruickshank, Bury.
E. A. Cullabine, Worksop.
Loftus Dale, Havant.
M. H. Derezinska, Warsaw.
G. W. Eustace, Arundel.
Dulcie Eden Greville, Wakefield.
E. E. Harris, Seattle.
E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln.
Aline Heward, S.W.11.
N. H. A. Jones, Margate.
W. K. Lewis, Ramsgate.
D. MacCraig, Edgbaston.
G. Merrick, Warminster.
Hugh Moorland, Leek.
I. K. Nagel, Southsea.
J. W. Nance, Bromborough.
M. Newton, Purley.
Alice Pickard, Los Altos, Calif.
John Purdie, Paisley.
A. J. G. Russell, London, S.W.
Gwen Simons, Hove.
Dr. Bertha Skeat, Sedbergh.
Barbara Smyth, Perth.
Sydney Snell, London, N.W.
Elizabeth Toldridge, Washington.

We are always glad to hear of our colleagues' work outside THE POETRY REVIEW. And will they ponder over the wider scope of this important feature foreshadowed in the second paragraph, and also remember that this is not an amateur tournament but the meeting-place of the more serious producing members of our world-wide fellowship.

Among recent suggestions for collaboration is a proposal that an occasional "extra," separate from *Poetry of To-day*, be issued, to include ten or twelve pages of representative poems by as many leading POETRY REVIEWERS—an edited collection of "new numbers."

The Lewis War Poems Awards.

A gratifying number of good poems, which expressed every phase of the subject—horror, detestation, pity, heroism, suffering, in poems of action, contemplation, description, emotion, vituperation, glorification. The subject made a strong appeal to righteous fervour. The most original piece of work came from Ellen Coit Elliott, of Stanford University, California,—powerful, imaginative, rugged. *All the Women in the World Were There* reminds one that Vachel Lindsay is not alone in unconventional metres and treatment of big subjects. Following this distinctive poem we bracket together four characteristic pieces, *Poelcappelle* by Alfred H. Mendes, Trinidad, because of its stark, ugly realism; the vivid *On the Menin Road* by S. Bristowe, London, W.; the more classical, epigramatic *Chrysopas* by Thomas Thornely, Merton Hall, Cambridge, and, most remarkable of all in some respects, *Peter*, by a child of 14—Elizabeth Binnington—not because it is by so youthful a writer—we have had occasion to mention her before—but because of its actual beauty, pathos, and dramatic merit, naturally and effectively presented and sustained. These are typical poems. Many others are on similar lines. Others are solemn, erudite, didactic—of these Julia Boynton Greene provides an outstanding example; or ironical as in *War Contemplates the Future* (Morwyth Rees, Pembroke Dock), and *The Glory of War* (Mrs. Graham Botha, Mowbray, C.P.); or tersely summarize the good and the evil of war as Gwen A. Polgreen does in an original manner; or celebrate heroes as M. A. Woodward does in an ingenuous paraphrase of notable sayings of Earl Haig's. We must specially mention, too, the sound, first-rate work, submitted by Erda Lang, Stockwell, S.W.; John Willwyn, Godbowen; G. W. Eustace, Arundel; M. M. Brown, Southampton; Eleanor Watkins, San Francisco; Barbara Smyth, Perth; Margaret Ormiston, London; W. Owen, Buenos Aires; Mrs. Beves, Hove; Bessie Pryor Palmer, Monrovia, Calif.; E. Nolan, Rome; John Purdie, Paisley; G. W. Lacey, Oswestry; A. C. Walter, Lewisham, S.E.; P. O'Donnell, Burnham; Amy Eddison, London, S.W.; Mrs. Burton Laidlaw, New York; Riva Lee Cooper, Wynberg; E. Hall Haines, London, W.; E. B. Means, Chestnut Hill, Pen.; S. Dobson, Neville's Cross.

A Premium for Poems on Sleep.

Mr. W. K. Lewis, who is disappointed that no other English readers are following his example, offers another three guineas as a premium for poems on "Sleep"—one of the most wonderful and apparently miraculous things in human life,—the doorway into the mysterious land of dreams. In it we forget our cares, our sorrows, our diseases, and recuperate both mind and body. Some think the human spirit leaves the body during sleep, and does and experiences much, only to forget it when waking. So much that is beautiful, helpful, and true might be written about it by those with truly poetic minds. MSS. should be addressed "The Lewis Premium, The Poetry Review, 16

Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1," to reach the Editor not later than July 23rd.

$100 (£20) For Poems on Flight

A prize of $100 for the best poems about flying achievements has been offered through the American editor of the Poetry Review, by Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, V.P. Competitors may select their own subject and deal with the conquest of the air generally, or with one or more such stupendous achievements as the transatlantic, North Pole, transpolar, transcontinental, round the world, and other great flights of the airmen of all nations, but the poems must not exceed 56 lines. Entries must reach Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, Editor, American Section of The Poetry Review, 299 Park Avenue, New York, before October 1st. The general premium rules and conditions apply and the decision of the Editors in awarding the premium must be accepted as final.

* * *

1. The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is continued, and six books will be awarded in recognition of " highly commended."

2. Not more than *four* poems may be submitted at the same time.

3. All MSS. submitted for these premium awards should be addressed to " The Premium Editor," the Poets' Fellowship, The Poetry Review Office, before June 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (If a more detailed postal criticism is desired, 5s. should be sent.)

4. Every entry must be certified as original and as not having appeared in print, and *the name and address* of the competitor must be attached to each MS.

5. Entries must be either typewritten or written in ink on one side of the paper only, and contributors must be members of the Poetry Society or registered postal subscribers to The Poetry Review.

6. Contributors may enter any of the premium competitions as " hors concours " competitors, and the Editor may place in the " hors concours " class the work of any competitor who has gained a major award during the preceding twelve months provided he considers the work of any other competitor is at least equal in merit. The award of a premium shall not in itself disqualify a competitor from competing and being awarded premium honours immediately thereafter.

7. The decisions of the Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence respecting the awards can be entered into (pars. 4, 5, 6, 7 apply to all The Poetry Review premium offers).

Apropos the Meredith Centenary, we may remind readers that an appreciation of " The Poetry of George Meredith " by J. M. Stuart-Young appeared in the May-June 1927 Poetry Review, copies of which are still obtainable.

Apropos our erudite contributor, Prof. Ménardos, Mr. T. E. Casson sends us the following "Notes and News" paragraph which he has come across in the *Oxford Magazine* for January 30th, 1908:—"The *University Gazette* of last week contained an announcement which would have delighted the heart of Professor Freeman, and will interest all who care for the complete and continuous study of Greek, namely, that the Delegates of the Common University Fund have secured the services of a distinguished Modern Greek scholar, Dr. Simon Ménardos, to give lectures and instruction in Byzantine and Modern Greek next autumn. Dr. Ménardos is a very good and typical example of the cultured native Greek scholar of to-day. He is himself a Cypriot of Nicosia, but was educated at Athens. He has published articles on "The Phonetics of the Cypriots of To-day," on "The Genitive Cases in Cypriot," on "Cypriot Tragedy," on "French Mediæval Expressions in Cyprus," on "Cypriot Names," and is at present engaged on a series of papers appearing in the well-known Greek learned journal, *Athena*. His lectures and instruction, then, should be useful to all who wish to extend their knowledge of Greek into the Byzantine period, to understand the history and position of so-called Hellenistic dialects, or to acquaint themselves with the still more modern phases of the language. He brought credentials, we understand, amongst others, from Mr. Cobham, the well-known British resident in Cyprus, from Mr. Bituelas, one of the most leading and best known of modern Greeks, and from the Head of the British School at Athens. We shall look forward to his advent here with interest. His appointment is somewhat of an experiment, but an experiment which certainly ought to be tried, and which we hope will be successful."

Mr. T. E. Casson proceeds: "It has been of the greatest interest to me to read Professor Ménardos' papers. I find also in re-reading back numbers of THE POETRY REVIEW that articles which are careful and critical surveys of foreign literatures or of English authors of established fame *wear very much better* than so many of the extravagant manifestoes of partisan writers, more especially those amazing, puerile, and contemptible productions from America which figure in some of the present-day periodicals devoted to poetical criticism. It is well that you hold up so steadily the academic and classical standard in letters." Other comments by Mr. Casson have raised warm opposition, but we trust readers will find themselves in complete agreement with his appreciative remarks on this occasion. Such recognition of the value, status, and permanency of the POETRY REVIEW articles is very heartening.

At the annual banquet of the Southern California Women's Press Club, Los Angeles, Dr. Allison Gace, head of the English Department of the University of California, announced that our contributor, Miss Julia Boynton Green, had been awarded the Club's verse prize, and in connection therewith the President, Mrs. N. D. Graham, congratulated Miss Green on her POETRY REVIEW premium poems.

ORIGINAL VERSE FROM SCHOOL GROUPS

THE poems in the groups themselves were numerous and many of them excellent. It was not very easy to come to a decision about the award of the Tennyson bust, but, taking them all in all, the verse subscribed by pupils of the Modern School for Girls at Luton, Beds., has a generally higher standard than that of any other school. To Luton, then, goes the Lucchesi bust, yet there are certain writers at Altrincham County High School who can meet those of Luton on equal terms of versification. The substantial number of poems received from each source justifies a respective internal competition within the major scheme, and book prizes are given to individuals in both these schools.

AWARDS:

LUTON MODERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS:—*1st prize*—MARION SCHOFIELD for *Dream Song*, a poem that is rich in imagination as well as cleverly constructed.

I am the dream of a child,
I come from the deeps of the sea.
Silver my hands and my feet,
Red are the lips of me;
Gold is my tangled hair,
Green are my deep, deep eyes,
And the stars that are hid in them,
Are the stars for the winter skies.

With my hands held close to my side,
I rise from the deeps of the sea,
Shut are my sea-green eyes,
Shut with ecstacy.

My hair streams out behind;
I cut the water clean—
And I rise like a shooting star,
With fast-shut eyes of green.
I am the dream of a child,
I rise from the deeps of the sea,
Green are my deep, deep eyes,
And strong is my wizardry.

Her *Sheila Mill* is also good.

2nd prize—JOAN CHILDS, for many good poems, particularly:—*One O'Clocks*, *Thoughts*, *Sherwood*, and *Whispers*. I give the opening verse of *One O'Clocks*:

When the lea is gay with flowers,
And daisies strew the way,
Then you will see the one-o'clocks
Set out in brave array:

One o'clock, two o'clock,
What's the time o' day?

3rd prize to BARBARA SMITH for her sympathetic treatment of *Blind Man's Friends* and *There is Music*.

I also *Highly Commend* :—

D. Swales for *Tools*, J. Patterson for *The Island Valley of Avilion*, M. Mileson for *A Thought*.

Upon the *Commended List* I place :—

E. York, N. Giddings, L. Gladwin, B. Payne, M. Harper, L. Griffiths.

THE ALTRINCHAM COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL :—In this group the *first prize* has been won by MYRA KENDRICK for *Cloudsheep*, an outstanding poem of merit, which has already been used in THE POETRY REVIEW. The *2nd prize* is won by JOYCE WILFORD who has contributed largely and well to her school's collection of poems. Her *March* is specially successful with the lines :—

Once more we hear thy horse's hoofs on high
Dashing the smooth blue pavement of the sky
Into a thousand fragments.

Commended authors are :—

M. Hesketh, P. Webb, E. E. Rea, B. Hall, M. G. Chorley, E. Goodier.

There are some meritorious entries, too, from the WATFORD GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL, whose pupils entered individually. The elder pupils have been considered in a separate group. The winning writers therein show ambition in their choice of verse form. DOROTHY PEEL comes *first* with *Lines on a Norman Church*, a thoughtful poem showing a good command of rhythm and language. The last two lines attach an unusual significance to the motto of the old county family interred within the church :—

That there within the precincts of the Lamb
" Fuimus " waits upon the great I Am.

A. G. OLIVER comes *second* with *A Sonnet on a Fountain*, a carefully made piece of work. *Contentment* by IVY GREGORY (*third*) is also a well-built sonnet.

Commended in this group are :

Joan Andrews, Kathleen Bedwell, Margaret S. Fowler, Grace E. Florence, Joy Batchelor, Marjorie Woodford, Joan Shirley, Doreen Chaundry, Mona Jenkins.

OPEN CLASSES :—Among the younger contributors in the open classes, EDITH ELLIS (Altrincham School) secures the *1st prize* with her whimsical *Rain*. Says she :

It would be fun if all the rain
That beats upon the window-pane

Would never stop, and still come down
On castle, river, field and town. . . .

BRENDA SAVILLE (Watford School) comes into the *second place* with her neatly-turned *The North Wind*, and RUTH PIPER (Watford) into the *third position* with a dainty verse on *Spring*, while MARY TAYLOR (Penzance) gets *Commended* for *The First Flower*.

The *best poem* in the elder open class is undoubtedly *The Spirit of the Evening* by JOYCE PATTERSON (Luton). I quote the middle and best verse:

Stepping down the shadows comes the Spirit of the Evening,
In her dusky curling hair the Star of Beauty gleams.
Fairies run before her spreading flowers in her pathway,
Blackbirds are her heralds, and her eyes are full of dreams.

Her *Sleeping Beauty* is also distinctive.

The *second best* poem is *Snow* by JOYCE WILFORD (Altrincham). It begins:

Softly white flakes through the darkness are drifting,
Silently, noiselessly, down to the ground.
Heaven on to earth, her white blossoms are sifting,
Softening all bleakness and hushing all sound.

The *third best* poem is *Treasure of the Sunset* by MYRA KENDRICK, in which the swinging metre is well sustained and the imagery is rich.

JOAN CHILDS (Luton) is *commended* for *Autumn in Boconnoc*, EILEEN THOMPSON (Penzance) for *Autumn Leaves*, and MILDRED FELDTMANN (Penzance) for *Moorland*.

I very much hope that all these young people will persevere with their verse making. It is worth while.

Two very good anthologies, of Known and of Unknown Poets associated with Lincolnshire, have been compiled by the pupils of King Edward VI Girls' Grammar School, Louth. It is a pleasure and a surprise to find poems selected from such various sources as Percy's *Reliques* and *Punch*, and from such individual poets as Drayton, Dyer, Tennyson (who is well represented), and Jean Ingelow. Verses by unknown authors also form an interesting collection and are supplemented by writers in the school itself. I would like to make special mention of the words of the school pageant performed a few years ago, and written by Miss Powell, one of the mistresses of the school. Since a bust of Tennyson has already been awarded to this school on a former occasion, a substantial book prize will take its place in recognition of the well-selected poems and poets. We think many schools might take up this section with advantage. It would stimulate research and reading, and a knowledge and pride otherwise not attainable would accrue from an acquaintance with the poets and poetry of the locality. Later we will provide an incentive for wider research and adventure in the golden realms of poesy.

*, ** These competitions are continued from term to term—next closing date, July 31. For particulars and conditions see pages 70 and 148.

Young People's Verse Speaking and Writing in America

Our American colleague, Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders, reports: "Here in New York I have talked with Dr. Hughes Mearne, author of *Creative Youth*, on the staff of Columbia University and lecturer all over the educationally alive parts of the country. He says there is little enough verse-speaking cultivated in public or private schools, in the States, and in College-English-preparatory training, far too little intelligent understanding of creative writing among the pupils. He has his finger on the pulse of the situation more than anyone I know. High School anthologies appear from time to time, indicating some fertile ground, *but* verse competitions are occurring on this side of the water: in the Junior issue of the *New York Herald Tribune* (every Sunday), in a Detroit paper; and through Houghton Mifflin, publisher. The last-named has offered to the individual young versifier, $25.00 as first prize, $15.00 second, $5.00 apiece to the next three in order. I am not at all mercenary. I watch the work of The Poetry Review and the field it has developed with enthusiastic applause. I wish verse-*speaking* were as seriously undertaken in America as in England. I shall continue to try to place the ideas of The Poetry Review in practise wherever my 'contacts' permit."

A Practical Test of Quality

In *Palms*, which has developed into a bright, critical magazine and review of poetry, Mr. Mark van Doren writes on "The Poet's Difficulty," by which he means "getting published." Mr. van Doren says: "I see and talk with a good many poets, and I hear less about the agonies of composition than I do about frustration through the unwillingness of publishers to adventure with volumes of verse. The agonies are there, but they are forgotten behind rage at letters of polite refusal, or in some cases of simply curt contempt. . . . The situation is not new. Certain despairing poets speak as if this disease of unwillingness had only now attacked publishers. But they have always had it. Walt Whitman had not only to publish his poems but to push them to the limit of their acceptability—which in the case of the first edition was a limit indeed, since it sold practically no copies at all. He wrote reviews himself under various names, sent letters about the book to newspapers and magazines, and down in Washington, after several editions had appeared, wrote at least half of the book about himself which came out under the name of John Burroughs. Keats got along with very obscure publishers while he was alive. Blake produced several volumes before he became known to any general public as a poet. Milton, who wrote his so-called minor poems in his late twenties, did not publish most of them until he was nearing forty. Many gifted poets of Milton's century had to be content, or at any rate to get along, with a circulation of their pieces in manuscript. Such circulation, incidentally, was the equivalent of publication for them, since they had written their poems for a definite

kind of audience which numbered only a few dozen persons, or at most a hundred or two, and they had no thought that all mankind might understand their efforts, let alone like them.

"The other thing to be said is that the unwillingness in question is not to be wondered at. . . . There are volumes which, although they have virtues, have unimportant or uninteresting ones. The poems inside are 'good.' And what does that mean? It may mean that they are without fault—which in no way signifies that they are worth the paper and ink which will be used to set them forth. It may mean simply that they are recognizable to any ear and eye as poems—are like all of the poems which for centuries have been building up a monument to mediocrity—and although this happens in some cases to be the reason why publishers take them and print them (wondering afterwards what is the matter with the public which refuses to read them), it is a very good reason why intelligent publishers' advisers decide against them. They will not sell because they have nothing to say that has not been said over and over again and that cannot be found said much better in any anthology of the true and tried. Then there are volumes which achieve utter originality without deserving any more than their tamer brethren to be cast upon the world. They are ingenious, they are the result of long labour, they are the product of a faculty in the poet both creative and critical. And still they are uninteresting.

"I am afraid that very few poets ask themselves whether their poems are interesting—whether, at least, they would be interesting to others than themselves. And yet it is the only question that should be asked about any work of art. Tolstoy, wrong as he was in many particulars of his famous book on æsthetics, was right in this—that a poem or a picture or a piece of music has to no reason expect to be kept alive if it cannot somehow move an audience. The complaining poet—mind you, I sympathize with him even while I disagree with him—goes on wondering why poems which were written purely to himself do not in some miraculous way recommend themselves to others. What matters it if they dissect his soul, what matters it even if they are true? The question remains whether that soul is one which the world wants to see lying exposed in bits, whether that truth is worth listening to. . . .

"There never lived a poet, I think, who honestly scorned the world's opinion. The world may not seem to be built for poetry, yet there is only one world, and that is where we are trying to get our poems published. And in the long run the world is right in its judgment—right because there can be no other judgment. If a poet never in centuries finds one reader who thinks him interesting, then he is not a good poet. If he finds one or more who do, then he is good in his degree and kind. I do not see how we can get beyond this point—or beyond the fact, either, that the poets whom we agree are great have had many readers in the course of time."

The Rawnsley Memorial Gold Medal for the Reading of Poetry

As already announced in The Poetry Review, the family of the late Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, in conjunction with the Council of the Poetry Society (Incorporated), have endowed an annual gold medal to be competed for within the Society by readers of poetry, constituting a most appropriate memorial to the first Life Member and for many years the Elder Councillor, and for several years the devoted President of the Society, who was particularly concerned with the reading of poetry and went about giving readings in schools, from Eton and Uppingham to local elementary schools, where he was heard gladly and left behind an endurable impression of the magic and beauty of fine poetry, especially of that of his friend, Alfred Tennyson.

The medal, which has been specially designed, will be competed for annually at a public reading to be held in London, which, this year, will be held in November.

Any member of The Poetry Society may enter. It is suggested that Centres in particular should compete, arranging a preliminary competition within each for the selection of representative readers. Schools associated with the Society may also send up one or more representative competitors.

All competitors, whether local or general, will be required to pay an entrance fee of 5s., out of which the expenses of the competition, other than the cost of the Medal, will be met.

On sending in their entries to the local or general secretary, competitors must notify the poem or selection from a poem they intend to read and supply a copy of the words. Each reading should not take more than five minutes.

* * *

Mr. Bassett Roe, after hearing the bronze and silver medal candidates at the Poetry Society's examination in the art of speaking and reading verse, on February 25th, said he was compelled, although it might appear to be invidious, to deplore a considerable falling away from the high standard he had been accustomed to associate with those examinations. He returned to find less instead of greater artistry and individuality. The potential gold medal candidates did not express what Dr. Hulbert had insisted upon in an excellent phrase, "thought in action." They masked their face, eliminated expression from their voices, and spoke their lines like Robots, with a jerkiness that destroyed rhythm and a neglect of metre which turned the lines into disjointed prose sentences and with false inflections and misplaced emphasis. Rich, deep beautiful voices were steeped in funereal gloom. Poetry was ecstasy and needed an animated personality for its adequate interpretation.

THE SHAKESPEARE GUILD :

THE FINAL OF THE SHAKESPEARE RECITALS organized by The Poetry Society (Incorporated) in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was held at the Arts Club Theatre, W.C., on April 23rd, when a programme of speeches and scenes contributed by competitors who had been awarded " Honours " and the Shakespeare Silver Medal at the Local and Regional Recitals in their respective areas throughout the country, and who spoke a selection of speeches, duologues, and scenes without costume or scenery. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson distinguished the occasion by acting as adjudicator and at the conclusion of a somewhat too lengthy programme said he was delighted with the average performance that afternoon. The standard was very high and it gave him great pleasure to see so many young people speaking their words so fluently and clearly. A few of the competitors were too deliberate, taking too long over certain passages which might have been spoken more quickly. On such an occasion there was a tendency for the inexperienced to be too absorbed in the manner of their speech, and they lost grip of the content. In one case the speech was somewhat rough, but that particular duologue impressed Sir Johnston because of its virility, and the speakers were evidently absorbed in the spirit behind the words—a quality too often lacking in studied recitation.

After serious consideration Sir Johnston issued the following awards :

He placed first Marjorie Day (Isle of Wight) (Speech from *As You Like It*, Act II) for her lively rendering and absence of self-consciousness ; he awarded Gold Medals also to D. Purdy and U. Stratton (Bournemouth) (Duologue, *King John*, Act IV, Sc. 1), who spoke their lines very intelligently and sympathetically ; and to F. Kay and Fred. C. Fairclough (Manchester) (Duologue, *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, Sc. 3), who set an example to many of the others by their rapid utterance and virility, their speech, however, being less polished than that of many of the other competitors who lacked their vigour ; and to June Gordon (Bristol) (The Mercy Speech from *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, Sc. 1) for her persuasive characterization ; and to Keith Hamilton Price (Bristol) for his arresting Hubert (*King John*, Act IV, Sc. 1).

Sir Johnston highly commended the following :

1. Sheila Ellis (Midlothian) : *Richard II*, Act II, Sc. 1.
9. May King and Wilfred Pickles (Halifax) : *Othello*, Act III, Sc. 5.
11. Hazel E. Stephens (Exeter) : *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 1.
14. Norman Varden and Elsie Garbutt (Stockton-on-Tees) : Duologue from *Othello*.
16. Elsie Featherstone (London) : *Richard II*, Act III, Sc. 2.
17. Gladys M. Lock (Bournemouth) : *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 2.
18. J. Arthur Jones (London) : *Macbeth*, Act II, Sc. 1.
21. F. Pennock and M. Henderson (Stockton-on-Tees) : *The Tempest*, Act III, Sc. 1.
25. Eva Lee and Florence Walker (Coventry) : *Othello*, Act III.

25a. Dorothy Lott (Watford): Speech from *Hamlet*.
28. Dorothy Smithson (Sheffield): *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, Sc. 1.
31. Florence Walker (Leamington): *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V, Sc. 2.
32. Elsie Garbutt (Stockton-on-Tees): Speech from *Henry VIII*.
33. Muriel Norris (Brighton): *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. 4.
38. Eve Malcolm (Brighton): Speech from *Henry VIII*.
44. Cynthia Fleming (Bristol): *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V, Sc. 2.
46. Agneta Coates (Bristol): *Henry VIII*, Act III, Sc. 2.
47. Eileen Vaughan (Bristol): *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 2.
54. Laura N. Liddell (Barrow-in-Furness): *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 2.

Sir Johnston commended the proposal that the Shakespeare Recitals should be continued throughout the country as an organization and force in being for the benefit of the Sadlers Wells scheme. Provincial organizers are requested to take up the matter at once. It is particularly regarded as an incentive to youth and the growth of the Shakespearean spirit.

Sir Johnston will hear the London "finalists" on May 15th at the Blackfriars Theatre, on the occasion of The Poetry Society's spring Gold Medal Examination.

The Recitals were worked on an economical basis, the chief item of expense being the printing, which was done on the basis of the original larger scheme, modified, unfortunately, by labour conditions that prevailed at the outset of the recitals. Cheques for £350 have been paid over to the Trustees at Stratford-on-Avon and acknowledged in *The Daily Telegraph*, and a further sum will be available when the account now closed is audited and finally wound up.

The Shakespeare Poems.

As an appropriate prologue to the Final Recital, Miss Doris Martin-Harvey, Gold Medalist of The Poetry Society, read beautifully and with polished artistry the Sonnet by Mr. Fred Beresford placed first on the list of poems in tribute to Shakespeare by Prof. Garrod, of Oxford, followed by the other leading contributions to The Poetry Review verse competition printed below, and awarded the silver medal of the Guild.

England was then a land of little towns,
With grey thatch in the wood by deep cart ways;
Life moved in modest hours, in gentle days,
With a protecting sea across the Downs.
The great Armada's threat, and savage frays
Let loose in Flanders, they were far away;
England was Merrie England; all was gay
As a rose garden underneath June rays.

And England sat at banquet, he the host,
As prodigal as varied of his fare;
How rich the wine was; how went round the toast.
To whom would sing, he gave the scope, the air;
A tongue to love; example to the fair;
But knowledge of ourselves he taught us most.

Wolverhampton. FRED BERESFORD.

TO SHAKESPEARE

All the most lovely singing of the past
Is hushed beside the music thou has made,
Which, like the everlasting stars shall last,
For " thy eternal summer shall not fade."
Thy matchless wisdom showed those stars more bright,
Thy song ennobled earth's ignoble woes,
Giving to piteous love a purer light,
Lending a richer colour to the rose.
Passion and bliss and terror burned like fire
Within the heavenly rainbow of thy mind
That pierced the sum of all the world's desire,
The Unveiled Beauty only God may find.
And man shall raise an altar unto thee
As long as earth is earth—and sea is sea!

Mayfair, W.1. ELEANOUR NORTON.

SHAKESPEARE

by the Countess Marie van Bylandt, The Hague, Holland

Thou mighty flame, too bright for this dull earth,
Kindled by seraphs, illuming time and space
With all the glory of thy heavenly birth,
That passing ages never will efface:
The lovers' tryst through thee immortal glows,
Thy fiery brand still lights the strife of kings,
And evermore thy magic beacon strews
Its glitt'ring stars upon the tempests' wings.
Where fairies dance and nimble elves flit by,
And o'er a royal castle's sombre walls

Hovers thy splendour clothed in majesty . . .
No pow'r, however bold, can England's heart dismay :
Her rose will always bloom 'neath thy eternal ray !

AFTER PILGRIMAGE

Sweet Avon, faery stream, when fields were gay
With April buds, I heard thy music gladly,
My heart upon thy generous bosom lay,
And, if at length I went, 'twas sadly, sadly ;
On many a river suns of glory shine—
Seine, Main and Po these questing glances drew ;
Arno, beloved of the Florentine,
And Sorga, clear and cool, this spirit knew ;
But chiefly by thy limpid wave for me
Wonder, immortal flower of beauty, blows,
Whence my whole worship turns again to thee,
(Ah, the rare fragrance of an English rose !)
Here dwells the peerless poet, lover, sage,
The darling singer of a golden age !

LORNA DE'LUCCHI.

Italian Consulate General, Lausanne.

QUATRAINS

Life was his book, and Nature moved his pen,
Time was his sire, and Fame his humble nurse ;
His wisdom bordered all the thoughts of men,
His love encompassed all the universe.

REGINALD GODFREY.

Murray Bridge, S. Australia.

England and Shakespeare ! Hers the well, whence rose
His spirit's singing fountain. Rooted sure
In her deep heart, his poets' laurel grows ;
While either live, the other shall endure.

EVA DOBELL.

French, Polish, Dutch, and other representatives could not attend our Shakespeare Festival owing to their being similarly engaged elsewhere, and in consequence the distinguished foreign poems could not be read. It is hoped to devote a special meeting to the reading of the winning poems and the distribution of the awards.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

Founded Feb. 24, 1909; Incorporated June 18, 1923

To promote a more general recognition and appreciation of Poetry by encouraging the public and private reading and use of it and developing the art of speaking verse.

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General Offices:
16 Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1.
New York: 299 Park Avenue.

Bankers:
Barclays Bank (Goslings' Branch).

* Life Member.

The objects of the Poetry Society, as stated in the Constitution, are to promote, in the words of Matthew Arnold, adopted as a motto, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it."

To assert the importance and value of poetry and to encourage the study and use of it, and to establish an active fellowship with a love of poetry as the common bond of union.

To form local centres and reading circles for the convenience of groups of members and to provide other facilities for bringing together lovers of poetry with the objects of extending and developing an intelligent and cultivated interest in and appreciation of poetry and of encouraging the qualified reading and vocal interpretation of verse with due regard to emphasis and rhythm and the poet's meaning.

To organize and hold private and public recitals of poetry and lectures on the art and mission of poetry and such public meetings and social gatherings as may come within the scope of the Society.

To organize and promote sub-societies for the production and performance of poetic dramas and for the reading and study of the works of individual poets.

To encourage and organize in schools the study of poetry as an important factor in education and in its relation to and as an influence upon life and character, and to induce educational authorities to include poetry as a definite part of the curriculum in schools, and to promote voluntary school and college centres and provide lectures and readings for schools and other educational institutions.

To hold examinations in the art of reading and speaking verse and to offer medals and certificates in connection therewith, and to devise and give effect to measures for testing and raising the qualification of teachers of elocution.

To establish lectureships and to publish a journal or magazine designed to express, promote and record the general and specific objects and policy of the Society.

To acquire halls, theatres and lecture rooms and other permanent places of meeting, and to form libraries for the use of members

To organize and manage festivals, pastoral plays, eisteddfods and other forms of commemorating and celebrating the birth and death days and centenaries of poets and other literary anniversaries.

Ordinary Membership.

The ordinary Membership subscription is 10s. (3 dollars) with an entrance fee of 2s. 6d. (The Journal of the Society—The Poetry Review—is supplied to members without further charge; it is otherwise obtainable at an annual postal subscription of 7s. 6d. or through booksellers and newsagents.)

The Society is intended to bind poetry readers and lovers together throughout

the English-speaking world, forming a desirable freemasonry, with poetry—the first and best of all arts—as the connecting link.

By means of Local Centres membership is made active and effective, members meeting together under a President and Council for the reading and study of poetry and co-operating with Headquarters in the general work of the Society. A member of the Society is a member of the Centre most convenient for him to attend, and a member of any Centre is a member of the Society as a whole and may attend any Centre meetings anywhere on giving notice to the Secretary. This Centre system carries into effect the idea of a poetical freemasonry, a South African member visiting or going to reside in London or South Australia or wherever the Society has a branch being welcomed by and becoming a member of the local group.

Centres or individual members not formed into groups maintain regular communication with the Head Office, from which advice and direction may be obtained with respect to the formation, conduct and programme of Centre meetings, propaganda work, etc., and each Centre is expected to hold at least two public recitals per year, with a view to interesting the general public, and showing what an exquisite pleasure can be derived from the intelligent reading and speaking of verse.

The Society is the one body dealing with poetry as an artistic, ethical and cultural influence of the greatest importance, " redeeming from decay the visitations of the divinity in man," and seeks to bring mankind generally under its influence.

General Rules Governing Membership.

The Constitution provides (*inter alia*) that Members may be either—(*a*) Ordinary Members ; (*b*) Vice-Presidents ; (*c*) Honorary Members ; (*d*) Associate Members.

(*a*) The Ordinary Membership shall be open to any person who desires to promote the objects of the Society and to participate in the privileges and advantages of membership.

(*b*) Vice-Presidents : Any person who by reason of his position or of his distinguished association with poetry or of his known sympathy with and interests in the objects of the Society, appears to the General Council to be able to render assistance in promoting the objects of the Society by actual services or by his distinguished recognition of the Society's aims and work may be invited by the General Council to become associated with the Society as Vice-President. A Vice-President may be elected by the General Council on the nomination of two members of the Council and shall be expected to contribute not less than one guinea per annum (five dollars) to the funds of the Society or a life-membership subscription of not less than ten guineas (fifty dollars). Vice-Presidents shall have the same privileges and voting powers as ordinary members, and shall continue as Vice-Presidents and appear as such on the Registers and published lists of official members of the Society subject to the same regulations with regard to subscriptions and resignations as the ordinary membership.

(*c*) Honorary Members : An honorary member shall be a distinguished person intimately connected with poetry or with any particular branch of the Society's work whom the Society especially desires to recognize and honour for exceptionally eminent services in connection therewith. An honorary member may only be elected by the General Council on the nomination of four members of the Society and shall not be liable for any annual or other contributions.

(*d*) Associate Members : The National Council shall have power to create a

special class of associate or junior members with a reduced or collective subscription and to form and affiliate Institutional Centres and groups with special advantages and such limitations as the General Council may decide, but without right of voting.

Any Member may withdraw from the Society by giving notice in writing to the Secretary at any time and paying with such notice any unpaid subscriptions (if any) that may be due by such Member on election or thereafter, and thereupon shall cease to be a Member of the Society as well as of any Local Centre thereof. Provided always that unless a Member give one clear month's notice in writing before the expiry of the current year of his membership of his intention to retire, he shall be liable to pay his annual subscription for the ensuing year, or any other subscription which he would otherwise be liable to pay.

The rights of any Member shall be personal and shall not be transferable and shall cease upon the Member failing to pay the annual subscription or other subscription for which he is liable within the period of three calendar months of the time it becomes due.

GENERAL OFFICES OF THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED):
16 FEATHERSTONE BUILDINGS, LONDON, W.C.1.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

(Please detach and send to the General Secretary or the Centre Secretary.)

I appreciate the objects of the Poetry Society and desire to be enrolled as a member. Entrance fee and first annual subscription (12s. 6d.) enclosed herewith.

(The Annual Subscription becomes due and renewable on the anniversary of first payment. Cheques, etc., should be made payable to the Poetry Society and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Gosling's Branch.")

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

I append the names of friends and others who, in my opinion, are interested in The Poetry Society and are likely to become members.